

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER III.

It was some time before I could shake off the impression made on me by the words and the look of that dying man.

It was not that my conscience upbraided me. What had I done? Denounced that which I held, in common with most men of sense in or out of my profession, to be one of those illusions by which quackery draws profit from the wonder of ignorance. Was I to blame if I had refused to treat with the grave respect due to asserted discovery in legitimate science pretensions to powers akin to the fables of wizards? Was I to descend from the Academe of decorous science to examine whether a slumbering sibyl could read from a book placed at her back, or tell me at L— what at that moment was being done by my friend at the Antipodes?

And what though Dr. Lloyd himself might be a worthy and honest man, and a sincere believer in the extravagances for which he demanded an equal credulity in others, do not honest men every day incur the penalty of ridicule if, from a defect of good sense, they make themselves ridiculous? Could I have foreseen that a satire so justly provoked would inflict so deadly a wound? Was I inhumanly barbarous because the antagonist destroyed was morbidly sensitive? My conscience, therefore, made me no reproach, and the public was as little severe as my conscience. The public had been with me in our contest—the public knew nothing of my opponent's death-bed accusations—the public knew only that I had attended him in his last moments—it saw me walk beside the bier that bore him to his grave—it admired the respect to his memory which I evinced in the simple tomb that I placed over his remains, inscribed with an epitaph that did justice to his incontestable benevolence and integrity:—above all, it praised the energy with which I set on foot a subscription for his orphan children, and the generosity with which I headed that subscription by a sum that was large in proportion to my means.

To that sum I did not, indeed, limit my contribution. The sobs of the poor female child rang still on my heart. As her grief had been keener

than that of her brothers, so she might be subjected to sharper trials than they, when the time came for her to fight her own way through the world: therefore I secured to her, but with such precautions that the gift could not be traced to my hand, a sum to accumulate till she was of marriageable age, and which then might suffice for a small wedding portion; or, if she remained single, for an income that would place her beyond the temptation of want, or the bitterness of a servile dependence.

That Dr. Lloyd should have died in poverty was a matter of surprise at first, for his profits during the last few years had been considerable, and his mode of life far from extravagant. But just before the date of our controversy he had been induced to assist the brother of his lost wife, who was a junior partner in a London bank, with the loan of his accumulated savings. This man proved dishonest; he embezzled that and other sums entrusted to him, and fled the country. The same sentiment of conjugal affection which had cost Dr. Lloyd his fortune kept him silent as to the cause of the loss. It was reserved for his executors to discover the treachery of the brother-in-law whom he, poor man, would have generously screened from additional disgrace.

The mayor of L—, a wealthy and public-spirited merchant, purchased the museum, which Dr. Lloyd's passion for natural history had induced him to form; and the sum thus obtained, together with that raised by subscription, sufficed, not only to discharge all debts due by the deceased, but to ensure to the orphans the benefits of an education that might fit at least the boys to enter fairly armed into that game, more of skill than of chance, in which Fortune is really so little blinded that we see, in each turn of her wheel, wealth and its honours pass away from the lax fingers of ignorance and sloth to the resolute grasp of labour and knowledge.

Meanwhile, a relation in a distant county undertook the charge of the orphans; they disappeared from the scene, and the tides of life in a commercial community soon flowed over the place which the dead man had occupied in the thoughts of his bustling townfolk.

One person at L—, and only one, appeared to share and inherit the rancour with which the poor physician had denounced me on his death-bed. It was a gentleman named Vigors, dis-

tantly related to the deceased, and who had been, in point of station, the most eminent of Dr. Lloyd's partisans in the controversy with myself; a man of no great scholastic acquirements, but of respectable abilities. He had that kind of power which the world concedes to respectable abilities, when accompanied with a temper more than usually stern, and a moral character more than usually austere. His ruling passion was to sit in judgment upon others; and, being a magistrate, he was the most active and the most rigid of all the magistrates L—— had ever known.

Mr. Vigors at first spoke of me with great bitterness, as having ruined, and in fact killed, his friend by the uncharitable and unfair acerbity which he declared I had brought into what ought to have been an unprejudiced examination of simple matter of fact. But finding no sympathy in these charges, he had the discretion to cease from making them, contenting himself with a solemn shake of his head if he heard my name mentioned in terms of praise, and an oracular sentence or two, such as "Time will show;" "All's well that ends well," &c. Mr. Vigors, however, mixed very little in the more convivial intercourse of the townspeople. He called himself domestic; but, in truth, he was ungenial. A stiff man, starched with self-esteem. He thought that his dignity of station was not sufficiently acknowledged by the merchants of Low Town, and his superiority of intellect not sufficiently recognised by the exclusives of the Hill. His visits were, therefore, chiefly confined to the houses of neighbouring squires, to whom his reputation as a magistrate, conjoined with his solemn exterior, made him one of those oracles by which men consent to be awed on condition that the awe is not often inflicted. And though he opened his house three times a week, it was only to a select few, whom he first fed and then biogised. Electro-biology was very naturally the special entertainment of a man whom no intercourse ever pleased in which his will was not imposed upon others. Therefore he only invited to his table persons whom he could stare into the abnegation of their senses, willing to say that beef was lamb, or brandy was coffee, according as he willed them to say. And, no doubt, the persons asked would have said anything he willed so long as they had, in substance as well as in idea, the beef and the brandy, the lamb and the coffee. I did not, then, often meet Mr. Vigors at the houses in which I occasionally spent my evenings. I heard of his enmity as a man safe in his home hears the sough of a wind on a common without. If now and then we chanced to pass in the streets, he looked up at me (he was a small man walking on tiptoe) with the sullen scowl of dislike. And, from the height of my stature, I dropped upon the small man and sullen scowl the affable smile of supreme indifference.

CHAPTER IV.

I HAD now arrived at that age when an ambitious man, satisfied with his progress in the

world without, begins to feel, in the cravings of unsatisfied affection, the void of a solitary hearth. I resolved to marry, and looked out for a wife. I had never hitherto admitted into my life the passion of love. In fact, I had regarded that passion, even in my earlier youth, with a certain superb contempt—as a malady engendered by an effeminate idleness, and fostered by a sickly imagination.

I wished to find in a wife a rational companion, an affectionate and trustworthy friend. No views of matrimony could be less romantic, more soberly sensible, than those which I conceived. Nor were my requirements mercenary or presumptuous. I cared not for fortune; I asked nothing from connexions. My ambition was exclusively professional; it could be served by no titled kindred, accelerated by no wealthy dower. I was no slave to beauty. I did not seek in a wife the accomplishments of a finishing school-teacher.

Having decided that the time had come to select my helpmate, I imagined that I should find no difficulty in a choice that my reason would approve. But day upon day, week upon week, passed away, and though among the families I visited there were many young ladies who possessed more than the qualifications with which I conceived that I should be amply contented, and by whom I might flatter myself that my proposals would not be disdained, I saw not one to whose lifelong companionship I should not infinitely have preferred the solitude I found so irksome.

One evening, in returning home from visiting a poor female patient whom I attended gratuitously, and whose case demanded more thought than that of any other in my list, for though it had been considered hopeless in the hospital, and she had come home to die, I felt certain that I could save her, and she seemed recovering under my care;—one evening, it was the fifteenth of May, I found myself just before the gates of the house that had been inhabited by Dr. Lloyd. Since his death the house had been unoccupied; the rent asked for it by the proprietor was considered high; and from the sacred Hill on which it was situated, shyness or pride banished the wealthier traders. The garden gates stood wide open, as they had stood in the winter night on which I had passed through them to the chamber of death. The remembrance of that death-bed came vividly before me, and the dying man's fantastic threat rang again in my startled ears. An irresistible impulse, which I could not then account for, and which I cannot account for now—an impulse the reverse of that which usually makes us turn away with quickened step from a spot that recalls associations of pain—urged me on through the open gates, up the neglected, grass-grown road; urged me to look, under the westering sun of the joyous spring, at that house which I had never seen but in the gloom of a winter night, under the melancholy moon. As the building came in sight, with dark red bricks, partially overgrown with ivy, I perceived that it was no longer unoccupied. I saw forms passing athwart the open

windows; a van laden with articles of furniture stood before the door; a servant in livery was beside it giving directions to the men who were unloading. Evidently some family was just entering into possession. I felt somewhat ashamed of my trespass, and turned round quickly to retrace my steps. I had retreated but a few yards, when I saw before me, at the entrance gates, Mr. Vigors, walking beside a lady apparently of middle age; while, just at hand, a path cut through the shrubs gave view of a small wicket-gate at the end of the grounds. I felt unwilling not only to meet the lady, whom I guessed to be the new occupier, and to whom I should have to make a somewhat awkward apology for intrusion, but still more to encounter the scornful look of Mr. Vigors, in what appeared to my pride a false or undignified position. Involuntarily, therefore, I turned down the path which would favour my escape unobserved. When about half way between the house and the wicket-gate, the shrubs that had clothed the path on either side suddenly opened to the left, bringing into view a circle of sward, surrounded by irregular fragments of old brickwork, partially covered with ferns, creepers or rock-plants, weeds or wild flowers, and in the centre of the circle a fountain, or rather water-cistern, over which was built a Gothic monastic dome, or canopy, resting on small Norman columns, time-worn, dilapidated. A large willow overhung this unmistakable relic of the ancient abbey. There was an air of antiquity, romance, legend about this spot, so abruptly disclosed amidst the delicate green of the young shrubberies. But it was not the ruined wall nor the Gothic well that chained my footstep and charmed my eye.

It was a solitary human form, seated amidst the mournful ruins.

The form was so slight, the face so young, that at the first glance I murmured to myself, "What a lovely child!" But as my eye lingered it recognised in the upturned thoughtful brow, in the sweet serious aspect, in the rounded outlines of that slender shape, the inexpressible dignity of virgin woman.

A book was on her lap, at her feet a little basket, half filled with violets and blossoms culled from the rock-plants that nestled amidst the ruins. Behind her, the willow, like an emerald waterfall, showered down its arching abundant green, bough after bough, from the tree-top to the sward, descending in wavy verdure, bright towards the summit, in the smile of the setting sun, and darkening into shadow as it neared the earth.

She did not notice, she did not see me; her eyes were fixed upon the horizon, where it sloped farthest into space, above the tree-tops and the ruins; fixed so intently that mechanically I turned my own gaze to follow the flight of hers. It was as if she watched for some expected, familiar sign to grow out from the depths of heaven; perhaps to greet, before other eyes beheld it, the ray of the earliest star.

The birds dropped from the boughs on the turf

around her, so fearlessly that one alighted amidst the flowers in the little basket at her feet. There is a famous German poem, which I had read in my youth, called *The Maiden from Abroad*, variously supposed to be an allegory of Spring, or of Poetry, according to the choice of commentators; it seemed to me as if the poem had been made for her. Verily, indeed, in her, poet or painter might have seen an image equally true to either of those adorners of the earth; both outwardly a delight to sense, yet both wakening up thoughts within us, not sad, but akin to sadness.

I heard now a step behind me, and a voice which I recognised to be that of Mr. Vigors. I broke from the charm by which I had been so lingeringly spell-bound, hurried on confusedly, gained the wicket-gate, from which a short flight of stairs descended into the common thoroughfare. And there the every-day life lay again before me. On the opposite side, houses, shops, church spires; a few steps more, and the bustling streets! How immeasurably far from, yet how familiarly near to, the world in which we move and have being is that fairy land of romance which opens out from the hard earth before us, when Love steals at first to our side, fading back into the hard earth again as Love smiles or sighs its farewell!

CHAPTER V.

AND before that evening I had looked on Mr. Vigors with supreme indifference!—what importance he now assumed in my eyes! The lady with whom I had seen him was doubtless the new tenant of that house in which the young creature by whom my heart was so strangely moved evidently had her home. Most probably the relation between the two ladies was that of mother and daughter. Mr. Vigors, the friend of one, might himself be related to both—might prejudice them against me—might—here, starting up, I snapped the thread of conjecture, for right before my eyes, on the table beside which I had seated myself on entering the room, lay a card of invitation:

Mrs. POYNTZ.

At Home,

Wednesday, May 15th.

Early.

Mrs. Poyntz—Mrs. Colonel Poyntz! the Queen of the Hill. There, at her house, I could not fail to learn all about the new comers, who could never without her sanction have settled on her domain.

I hastily changed my dress, and, with beating heart, wound my way up the venerable eminence.

I did not pass through the lane which led direct to Abbots' House (for that old building stood solitary amidst its grounds, a little apart from the spacious platform on which the society of the Hill was concentrated), but up the broad causeway, with vistaed gas-lamps; the gayer shops still unclosed, the tide of busy life only slowly ebbing from the still animated street, on to a square, in which the four main thoroughfares of the city converged, and which formed the

boundary of Low Town. A huge dark archway, popularly called Monk's Gate, at the angle of this square, made the entrance to Abbey Hill. When the arch was passed, one felt at once that one was in the town of a former day. The pavement was narrow, and rugged; the shops small, their upper stories projecting, with, here and there, plastered fronts, quaintly arabesqued. An ascent, short, but steep and tortuous, conducted at once to the old Abbey Church, nobly situated in a vast quadrangle, round which were the genteel and gloomy dwellings of the Areopagites of the Hill. More genteel and less gloomy than the rest—lights at the windows and flowers on the balcony—stood forth, flanked by a garden wall at either side, the mansion of Mrs. Colonel Poyntz.

As I entered the drawing-room, I heard the voice of the hostess; it was a voice clear, decided, metallic, bell-like, uttering these words: "Taken Abbots' House? I will tell you."

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. POYNTZ was seated on the sofa; at her right sat fat Mrs. Bruce, who was a Scotch lord's granddaughter: at her left thin Miss Brabazon, who was an Irish baronet's niece. Around her—a few seated, many standing—had grouped all the guests, save two old gentlemen, who remained aloof with Colonel Poyntz near the whist-table, waiting for the fourth old gentleman, who was to make up the rubber, but who was at that moment spell-bound in the magic circle, which curiosity, that strongest of social demons, had attracted round the hostess.

"Taken Abbots' House? I will tell you.—Ah, Dr. Fenwick! charmed to see you. You know Abbots' House is let at last? Well, Miss Brabazon, dear, you ask who has taken it. I will tell you—a particular friend of mine."

"Indeed! Dear me!" said Miss Brabazon, looking confused. "I hope I did not say anything to—"

"Wound my feelings. Not in the least. You said your uncle, Sir Phelim, had a coachmaker named Ashleigh, that Ashleigh was an uncommon name, though Ashley was a common one; you intimated an appalling suspicion that the Mrs. Ashleigh who had come to the Hill was the coachmaker's widow. I relieve your mind—she is not; she is the widow of Gilbert Ashleigh, of Kirby Hall."

"Gilbert Ashleigh," said one of the guests, a bachelor, whose parents had reared him for the church, but who, like poor Goldsmith, did not think himself good enough for it,—a mistake of over modesty, for he matured into a very harmless creature. "Gilbert Ashleigh. I was at Oxford with him—a gentleman commoner of Christ Church. Good-looking man—very: *sapped*—"

"Sapped! what's that?—Oh, studied. That he did all his life. He married young—Anne Chaloner; she and I were girls together: married the same year. They settled at Kirby Hall—nice place, but dull. Poyntz and I spent a Christmas there. Ashleigh when he talked

was charming, but he talked very little. Anne, when she talked, was common-place, and she talked very much. Naturally, poor thing, she was so happy. Poyntz and I did not spend another Christmas there. Friendship is long, but life is short. Gilbert Ashleigh's life was short indeed; he died in the seventh year of his marriage, leaving only one child, a girl. Since then, though I never spent another Christmas at Kirby Hall, I have frequently spent a day there, doing my best to cheer up Anne. She was no longer talkative, poor dear. Wrapt up in her child, who has now grown into a beautiful girl of eighteen—such eyes, her father's—the real dark blue—rare; sweet creature, but delicate; not, I hope, consumptive, but delicate; quiet—wants life. My girl Jane adores her. Jane has life enough for two."

"Is Miss Ashleigh the heiress to Kirby Hall?" asked Mrs. Bruce, who had an unmarried son.

"No. Kirby Hall passed to Ashleigh Sumner, the male heir, a cousin. And the luckiest of cousins! Gilbert's sister, showy woman (indeed, all show), had contrived to marry her kinsman, Sir Walter Ashleigh Haughton, the head of the Ashleigh family,—just the man made to be the reflector of a showy woman! He died years ago, leaving an only son, Sir James, who was killed last winter by a fall from his horse. And here, again, Ashleigh Sumner proved to be the male heir-at-law. During the minority of this fortunate youth, Mrs. Ashleigh had rented Kirby Hall of his guardian. He is now just coming of age, and that is why she leaves. Lilian Ashleigh will have, however, a very good fortune—is what we genteel paupers call an heiress. Is there anything more you want to know?"

Said thin Miss Brabazon, who took advantage of her thinness to wedge herself into every one's affairs, "A most interesting account. But what brings Mrs. Ashleigh here?"

Answered Mrs. Colonel Poyntz, with the military frankness by which she kept her company in good humour, as well as awe:

"Why do any of us come here? Can any one tell me?"

There was a blank silence, which the hostess herself was the first to break.

"None of us present can say why we came here. I can tell you why Mrs. Ashleigh came. Our neighbour Mr. Vigors is a distant connexion of the late Gilbert Ashleigh, one of the executors to his will, and the guardian to the heir-at-law. About ten days ago Mr. Vigors called on me, for the first time since I felt it my duty to express my opinion about the strange vagaries of our poor dear friend Dr. Lloyd. And when he had taken his chair, just where you now sit, Dr. Fenwick, he said, in a sepulchral voice, stretching out two fingers, so,—as if I were one of the what-do-you-call-ems who go to sleep when he bids them, 'Marm, you know Mrs. Ashleigh? You correspond with her.' 'Yes, Mr. Vigors; is there any crime in that? You

look as if there were.' 'No crime, marm,' said the man, quite seriously. 'Mrs. Ashleigh is a lady of amiable temper, and you are a woman of masculine understanding.'

Here there was a general titter. Mrs. Colonel Poyntz hushed it with a look of severe surprise. 'What is there to laugh at? All women would be men if they could. If my understanding is masculine, so much the better for me. I thanked Mr. Vigors for his very handsome compliment, and he then went on to say, 'that though Mrs. Ashleigh would now have to leave Kirby Hall in a very few weeks, she seemed quite unable to make up her mind where to go; that it had occurred to him that, as Miss Ashleigh was now of an age to see a little of the world, she ought not to remain buried in the country; while, being of quiet mind, she recoiled from the dissipation of London. Between the seclusion of the one and the turmoil of the other, the society of L— was a happy medium. He should be glad of my opinion. He had put off asking for it, because he owned his belief that I had behaved unkindly to his lamented friend, Dr. Lloyd; but he now found himself in rather an awkward position. His ward, young Sumner, had prudently resolved on fixing his country residence at Kirby Hall, rather than at Haughton Park, the much larger seat, which had so suddenly passed to his inheritance, and which he could not occupy without a vast establishment, that to a single man, so young, would be but a cumbersome and costly trouble. Mr. Vigors was pledged to his ward to obtain him possession of Kirby Hall the precise day agreed upon, but Mrs. Ashleigh did not seem disposed to stir—could not decide where else to go. Mr. Vigors was loth to press hard on his old friend's widow and child. It was a thousand pities Mrs. Ashleigh could not make up her mind; she had had ample time for preparation. A word from me, at this moment, would be an effective kindness. Abbots' House was vacant, with a garden so extensive that the ladies would not miss the country. Another party was after it, but—' 'Say no more,' I cried; 'no party but my dear old friend Anne Ashleigh shall have Abbots' House. So that question is settled.' I dismissed Mr. Vigors, sent for my carriage—that is, for Mr. Barker's yellow fly and his best horses—and drove that very day to Kirby Hall, which, though not in this county, is only twenty-five miles distant. I slept there that night. By nine o'clock the next morning I had secured Mrs. Ashleigh's consent, on the promise to save her all trouble; came back, sent for the landlord, settled the rent, lease, agreement; engaged Forbes's vans to remove the furniture from Kirby Hall, told Forbes to begin with the beds. When her own bed came, which was last night, Anne Ashleigh came too. I have seen her this morning. She likes the place, so does Lillian. I asked them to meet you all here to-night; but Mrs. Ashleigh was tired. The last of the furniture was to arrive to-day; and though dear Mrs. Ashleigh is an undecided character, she is not inactive. But it is not only the planning

where to put tables and chairs that would have tired her to-day; she has had Mr. Vigors on her hands all the afternoon, and he has been—here's her little note—what are the words? no doubt, 'most overpowering and oppressive'—no, 'most kind and attentive'—different words, but, as applied to Mr. Vigors, they mean the same thing.

'And now, next Monday—we must leave them in peace till then—you will all call on the Ashleighs. The Hill knows what is due to itself; it cannot delegate to Mr. Vigors, a respectable man indeed, but who does not belong to its set, its own proper course of action towards those who would shelter themselves on its bosom. The Hill cannot be kind and attentive, overpowering or oppressive, by proxy. To those new born into its family circle it cannot be an indifferent godmother; it has towards them all the feelings of a mother, or of a stepmother, as the case may be. Where it says, 'This can be no child of mine,' it is a stepmother indeed; but, in all those whom I have presented to its arms, it has hitherto, I am proud to say, recognised desirable acquaintances, and to them the Hill has been a Mother. And now, my dear Mr. Sloman, go to your rubber: Poyntz is impatient, though he don't show it. Miss Brabazon, love, oblige us at the piano; something gay, but not very noisy—Mr. Leopold Smythe will turn the leaves for you. Mrs. Bruce, your own favourite set at vingt-un, with four new recruits. Dr. Fenwick, you are like me, don't play cards, and don't care for music: sit here, and talk or not, as you please, while I knit.'

The other guests thus disposed of, some at the card-tables, some round the piano, I placed myself at Mrs. Poyntz's side, on a seat niched in the recess of a window, which an evening unusually warm for the month of May permitted to be left open. I was next to one who had known Lillian as a child, one from whom I had learned by what sweet name to call the image which my thoughts had already shrined. How much that I still longed to know she could tell me! But in what form of question could I lead to the subject, yet not betray my absorbing interest in it? Longing to speak, I felt as if stricken dumb; stealing an unquiet glance towards the face beside me, and deeply impressed with that truth which the Hill had long ago reverently acknowledged, that Mrs. Colonel Poyntz was a very superior woman—a very powerful creature.

And there she sat knitting—rapidly, firmly: a woman somewhat on the other side of forty, complexion a bronzed paleness, hair a bronzed brown, in strong ringlets, cropped short behind—handsome hair for a man; lips that, when closed, showed inflexible decision, when speaking, became supple and flexible with an easy humour and a vigilant finesse; eyes of a red hazel, quick but steady; observant, piercing, dauntless eyes; altogether a fine countenance—would have been a very fine countenance in a man; profile sharp, straight, clear-cut, with an expression, when in repose, like that of a sphinx; a frame

robust, not corpulent, of middle height, but with an air and carriage that made her appear tall; peculiarly white firm hands, indicative of vigorous health, not a vein visible on the surface.

There she sat knitting, knitting, and I by her side, gazing now on herself, now on her work, with a vague idea that the threads in the skein of my own web of love or of life were passing quick through those noiseless fingers. And, indeed, in every web of romance, the fondest, one of the *Parcæ* is sure to be some matter of fact. She, Social Destiny, as little akin to romance herself—as was this worldly Queen of the Hill.

UNDERGROUND LONDON.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

THE paying power of the British tax-payer seems to be enormous, and his patience under financial milking is a lesson to noisy martyrs. He stands like a cow to give forth, and only exhibits the bull disposition when you tell him what has become of the milk. He has a fretful impatience of figures and statistical details, and can always be driven mad by a long sum. Artful members of the small governing family have helped to nourish this disposition, by making his figures as dry and repulsive as possible. This is one way of choking an efficient audit. Other artful members of the same governing family have persuaded him that details are only fit food for the parochial mind, and that the parochial mind is a low, vulgar form of popular intelligence. He has listened to the voice of the charmer until he has come to consider everything of importance except what is under his nose or beneath his feet.

It is fortunate, perhaps, for the cause of good sewer government that sewers are a part of the parochial system that will not be neglected. The naming of streets, the watering of roads, and the feeding of paupers, may (it would seem) be done by anybody, or nobody, or not done at all; but the sewers, if not properly treated, have a power of making themselves felt which they are not slow to use. The great intercepting scheme of London main drainage, which has been many years before the metropolitan public, on paper, and some years under them in bricks and iron, must have originated from one neighbour grumbling at another. The London valley on both sides of the Thames, if it takes the trouble to look into its unfortunate geological position, has a splendid cause of quarrel with its neighbours, the upland districts. The sewerage system of the last fifty years has linked the whole metropolitan public together by vast underground chains, and has taught them that they are all suffering, enduring brothers. In this joint-stock company some few members have got the upper hand, and they lean very heavily on those below them. The central parts of London have to bear the gases generated by sewage from numerous surrounding neighbourhoods. A voice rises up in the City, with reason and indignation in its tones, and says, loudly, "Here's a pretty state of things! In the days of cesspools, sir, every

household had to bear only so much annoyance as it created for itself. But we have changed all that. How many towns and villages now, sir, send their filth through the City, which, under the old cesspool system, had to keep it for their own farms and gardens? Sixty-nine separate populations, sir, numbering half a million of persons, send their refuse past our doors, as regularly as omnibuses run from Paddington to the Bank. Day and night, sir, we breathe an atmosphere tainted by these swollen underground streams, and have not even the poor satisfaction of sending some unbearable nuisance back. The country, sir, had need give us a few zephyrs, laden with odours of new hay and wild thyme, as a set off against this bouquet of the thousand sewers."

Representations such as these, accompanied by the still small voice of parochial conscience, the enterprise and invention of engineers, and the ambition of legislative meddlers and social reformers, naturally produced a variety of sewerage schemes—before alluded to—which ended in the great intercepting project at present being carried out. The late Mr. Frank Foster, aided by Mr. Haywood, began this plan upon paper in 1849; Messrs. Bazalgette and Haywood modified, extended, and continued it—still upon paper—in 1854; the Metropolitan Board of Works, when it commenced its career, on the 1st of January, 1856, took it into consideration; Mr. Bazalgette remodelled the plan in 1856; a government commission—before quoted—reported for and against Mr. Bazalgette's scheme, and for and against many other things, in 1857; Messrs. Bazalgette, Hawkley, and Bidder—also before quoted—again reported for and against the government report; and, finally, Mr. Bazalgette, as engineer-in-chief to the sewer parliament, began to carry out his thrice-remodelled project in 1858.

Mr. Bazalgette's plan is to put something like a few sewer-girdles round London, though not exactly in the space of forty minutes. His best labours, and those of his able lieutenants, Messrs. Lovick, Grant, and Cooper, are doomed to be hidden from the public eye, and to dwell in perpetual darkness. Three vast tunnels on the north side of the Thames, extending from west to east, and two vast tunnels on the south side, extending from west to east, with several branches, will cut through the various Thames-seeking main sewers, at different levels, intercepting the daily millions of gallons of sewage, and carrying them away to the river at a point between Barking Creek and the Plumstead Marshes. These new main tunnels, some of which will help to drain the districts they pass through, will be at least seventy-one miles long; and will cost, with sewage-filtering reservoirs, pumping stations, engines, &c., at least three millions sterling. About five-and-twenty miles of these tunnels are now completed, and the contractors and their workmen are going on rapidly with the lengths left to be constructed. There are not wanting opponents to state that the whole structure is a costly mistake; and that

a few years will open the eyes of the deluded rate-payers. Anything that opens the eyes of the apathetic tax-payers may be regarded as of some value; and as we are inclined to take the existing five-and-twenty miles of intercepting tunnel as a great accomplished fact, we may be pardoned for giving a few details about the work and its position.

On the north side of the river Thames, the high level sewer, or girdle, begins at Hampstead with a tunnel four feet in diameter, and extends, increasing here and there in size, until it reaches something like eleven feet square at the point where it joins the river Lea at Old Ford. Its course may be roughly described as passing over the Highgate road, across the fields into and down the Holloway road, under the Great Northern railway and New River cut to Stoke Newington, and then through Hackney and the Victoria Park to its aqueduct across the river Lea. It has just been completed, forming a roundabout tunnel nine miles long, and swallowing up in its course that open part of the Hackney brook, which may have been a river in the time of the Romans, but which was decidedly a ditch sewer in the days of Queen Victoria. Half a million cubic yards of earth have been dug out, to form the channel of this high level sewer; it has sucked up forty millions of bricks, two hundred thousand bushels of Portland cement, three hundred and fifty thousand bushels of lime, one hundred thousand cubic yards of concrete, and seventeen tons of hoop iron; and has employed fifteen hundred men from week to week. During the time of its construction we have had the wettest summer and the coldest winter on modern record, and bricks have advanced in price at least fifty per cent.

With the exception of a large branch, or "storm overflow," tunnel, which has been constructed across Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, to relieve the great Ranelagh sewer from floods, and give it another outlet into the Thames, these are the only new works on the north side that may be put down as no longer existing merely on paper. The great middle level sewer has certainly been begun at both ends, namely, at the Old Ford part of the river Lea and at Bayswater; but, as it will have to pass through crowded thoroughfares, the contractors, Messrs. Brassey, are waiting until they are prepared to carry on the work with the utmost expedition. It will have three branches, called the Piccadilly, Dover-street, and Coppice-row branches. The main line begins in an egg-shaped tunnel, about four feet in height, and is to increase in size, here and there, until it ends in a circular tunnel ten feet and a half in diameter. Its course will be from Paddington to Notting-hill, along Oxford-street, through Bloomsbury and Clerkenwell, along Old-street—one of the finest old Roman roads in London—across Shoreditch, through Bethnal Green (still keeping very much to the line of the old Roman road), and under the Regent's Canal, to Old Ford, where it will run for some little distance side by side with the high level sewer.

It has been estimated that about half a million cubic yards of earth will have to be dug out for this channel, and that it will suck up about fifty-five thousand cubic yards of concrete, and forty millions of bricks. The number of workmen employed in it will be at least a thousand.

You could ride for miles on horseback up either of these tunnels—the high level and the middle level sewers—going in at the lower end, where they run together for some distance under a raised clay and concrete embankment. In case of floods, they are provided with what are called "overflow chambers," a kind of gigantic letter-box, open at the top, built up at the sides, or in the centre of the sewers, where they join their channels together. These hollow chambers reach to within a few feet of the roof, and if the black underground stream rises above their edges, it will pour down them, as through a funnel, into two lower channels, thence into the river Lea, and by that stream into the Thames above Blackwall.

At Old Ford, where these two sewers run together, traditions and traces of the Romans may be found in any quantity. The workmen have picked up decayed skulls, broken pieces of huge pottery, singular-looking iron instruments, fossil shells, and some early English and Roman coins. If these relics were really planted to be dug up by the men, and sold to the contractors or the public, as a recent trial about like relics found at a like spot would seem to show, it is almost a pity that any one should ever expose the deception. The relics are sufficiently old and crumbled to make any ordinary collector happy, or to attain an honoured position under the glass-cases of a museum. The coins are undoubted pieces of ancient money, and their presence in the stream is accounted for by the pleasing tradition that they were dropped by careless Roman passengers out of a Roman punt at the time when Old Ford was a Roman ferry.

The northern outfall sewer, which is only just begun, is another part of the great intercepting scheme existing only, at present, upon paper. It is intended as a channel to convey the combined stream of sewage from the river Lea to its reservoir and outfall in the Thames at Barking creek. This outfall sewer will be about five miles long, and will consist for about one mile of two lines of tunnel enclosed in a raised embankment, and for the remaining distance of four miles of three lines of tunnel, each nine feet in diameter. It will cross over seven streams, including the river Lea; it will pass under the Eastern Counties Railway, and over the North Woolwich and Tilbury and Southend lines in aqueducts. It is estimated that about one million one hundred and twenty-four thousand cubic yards of peat and soft ground will have to be cut out and piled up, to form the embankment; that six hundred and twenty-nine thousand cubic yards of concrete will be required for the same purpose; that the tunnels will suck up about twenty-seven thousand rods of reduced brickwork, one hundred and twenty millions of bricks, one million six hundred and

fifty thousand bushels of cement, three millions eight hundred and thirty-four thousand bushels of lime, and four thousand tons of wrought and cast-iron for the bridges over the streams and railways. The natural drainage of the marshes will, of course, be carried under the embankment in culverts.

This great outfall sewer, which will empty itself into a covered reservoir at Barking creek, capable of containing seven millions of cubic feet of sewage, will not only receive the combined streams poured into it by the high-level and low-level sewers just described, but also another vast flood which will probably be pumped into it from another line of projected main intercepting tunnel, called the low-level sewer. This sewer depends so much upon the project of a Thames embankment, which has been for some time under the consideration of parliament, that Mr. Bazalgette has wisely given up reporting about it until the great river terrace scheme shall be decided upon one way or other. Its course, as laid down on paper, is to hug the bank of the river from Chelsea through Westminster, the Strand, Cannon-street, Eastcheap, Tower-hill, Stepney, and Limehouse, to the river Lea, where it will join the other intercepting sewers. It will take in, five branches; from Brentford, Fulham, Victoria-street, Westminster, the Isle of Dogs, and Hackney marsh; and as its level will be about thirty-seven feet below the high level and middle level sewers, its stream will have to be pumped by engine-power into the great outfall channel.

The great intercepting sewers on the south-side of the river Thames are divided into a high-level tunnel and a low-level tunnel, with an outfall underground channel.

The high-level tunnel begins at Clapham Common, and winds its way through Stockwell and Camberwell to Peckham, where it is joined by a long fork or branch, called the Effra branch—an improved substitute for the open Effra ditch—which comes down from Dulwich. In cutting this branch, many remarkable fossils have been found, including remains of crocodiles. The two tunnels then continue from Peckham through New Cross, until they end in Deptford creek, where they are provided with storm overflow chambers, very similar to those in the north-side sewers. The whole length of this high-level sewer is between nine and ten miles; and rather more than one half, at different points of its course, is just completed. It begins, like most of the others, as a circular tunnel about four feet in diameter, and increases in size here and there until it ends in a diameter at least ten feet and a half. When finished, it will cut off and divert the upland waters which now flood the low and tide-locked districts. It is estimated that this intercepting sewer will suck up eighty-two thousand cubic yards of brickwork, thirty millions of bricks, two hundred thousand bushels of cement, four hundred thousand bushels of lime, seventy-five thousand cubic yards of concrete, and will require more than half a million cubic yards of ground to be cut out, and nearly

the same quantity of earth and materials to be carted.

The low-level intercepting sewer is mapped out to run from Putney through Battersea, Brixton, Camberwell, the Old Kent-road, and across the market gardens to Deptford. It will be provided with a couple of storm overflow branches, running into the Thames at Vauxhall and Deptford, and a north or Bermondsey branch, which will intercept many sewers running through that district. At present it can only be said to exist on paper, although the contractors have begun the works at Deptford, where they found the undersoil to be a running sand, filled with an extraordinary volume of water. As this end of the low-level sewer will be at least twenty feet below the end of the high-level sewer, pumping power will be required, as on the north side, to raise the stream into the great outfall tunnel.

The great southern outfall sewer, which may be regarded as a work second only in extent and importance to the northern outfall sewer, is more than half completed. It will pass from the Deptford pumping station, through Greenwich and Woolwich under the Erith marshes to a covered reservoir capable of containing four millions of cubic feet of sewage, on the river bank at Crossness Point, beyond Plumstead.

The length of this main tunnel will be about seven and a half miles, and its diameter about eleven and a half feet. Its depth from the surface in many parts is very great, especially about Woolwich, where the entrance shafts are like the mouths of huge mines with ladders going down at different inclinations. Here, the tunnel has been constructed for some distance, mole-like, under the ground: most probably without a large portion of the inhabitants being aware of its existence or progress. It is estimated that about half a million cubic yards of ground will have to be dug out for this channel, and that about the same quantity of earth and materials will have to be carted. It will suck up one hundred thousand cubic yards of brickwork, thirty-seven millions of bricks, and six hundred thousand bushels of cement; and when completed with the other works, it will receive and carry off the whole of the drainage of that portion of London which is on the south-side of the Thames. These southern works, from their commencement to the present time, have given weekly employment to upwards of two thousand men.

The sewage reservoirs on the north-side at Barking creek, and on the south-side at Plumstead marshes, will be raised some twenty-one feet above the level of the outfall sewers, and the stream will be pumped into them. The final discharge of the fluid sewage at high-water—the solid sewage being deposited in the reservoirs—will take place through covered channels buried under water, and communicating with the centre and bottom of the river Thames. The works have been calculated so as to admit of extensions as the metropolitan population expands, and to carry off the sewage of three

millions and a half of people, with the rainflow always oozing from the district they must necessarily occupy. The drainage area may be stated roughly as one hundred and fifty square miles; and the whole of the works, according to the original promise, are to be completed in 1863.

The two main principles at the bottom of this great plan, are to relieve certain low districts from the nuisances inflicted on them by certain high districts, and to save the Thames within the metropolitan boundary, even if the outskirts persist in defiling it, from being made the great cesspool of London. The London water companies, some by act of parliament and others by choice, no longer make this London cesspool their feeding cistern, but have gone higher up the stream for their supply of water, while the sewer-lords are preparing to take the sewage lower down the channel. This seems to be a sensible divorce. The new system of drainage represents the struggle of art against nature; and if it prove successful, the almanacks will no longer be able to register the dates of high-sewage at London-bridge.

The sewerage scheme now being carried out is so vast, that it has naturally driven many persons almost demented who have grappled with it and opposed it. Some people cannot be brought to believe that any tunnels have been constructed anywhere; and they look upon the thick-ribbed shored-cuttings, the houses on wheels, and the excavators' spades and lanterns, scattered about in different parts of London, as mere surface decoys, set up to satisfy a few inquisitive rate-payers. Others, regard the tunnels as only too real and substantial; volcanoes of filth; gorged veins of putridity; ready to explode at any moment in a whirlwind of foul gas, and to poison all whom they fail to smother. Others, take the financial ground that the scheme will exhaust three millions sterling, without doing three-pennyworth of good; forgetting that the tunnels may always be worth their money as wine-cellars, bowling-alleys, skittle-grounds, flower-beds of romance, and fancy subways.

ON THE CIVIL WAR NOW RAGING IN ENGLAND.

No drums tattooing or lifes piping in the streets; no fathers disinheriting their sons for taking cross views concerning King and Commons; no brothers sworn under opposite standards, and giving their rifles a sharper ring for the sake of the bad blood flowing between them; no calling to arms of all faithful citizens on the one side, and of all loyal subjects on the other; no night attacks with a turn-out in knitted tassels or gay-coloured bandanas; no bivouacs on Hampstead Heath or Wormwood Scrubs; no sign or show or appurtenance of war; and yet there is civil war in England—war to the death, if not to the knife—and every member of society is one of the warriors. There is civil war between all classes, and between the various members of each class: war for place in this overcrowded beehive of ours, where broad shoulders and well-squared elbows are blessings of great price; war of ap-

pearances, where all men and women try to look something better than they are, and the rule is for the wren to borrow the peacock's plumes; war between masters and servants, capital and labour, the orthodox and the heterodox, the conventional and the unconventional; there is war between the West and the East, fashion and vulgarity, velvet and rags; between the club and the boudoir, the mother of many daughters, and the bachelor of independent means; between the maiden still unsettled, and the young wife with a handsome provision; there is war everywhere and with every one; and not the most peaceable can escape out of the field, or refuse to wear one of the many colours floating about, as symbols of the party belonging. Even in the still quiet of the laboratory, and the hushed mysteries of the dissecting chamber, burst out every now and then loud notes of war, and philosophers and men of science fight like meaner mortals for the maintenance of some spiritual theory which no one can prove, or the establishment of some hypothesis of no good to living being even when established. As many hard knocks have been given over a few dry bones, or the exact position of a square piece of water, which no one has seen, and every one describes—whereby he contradicts his neighbour and fires a shot into his citadel—as over the most notoriously exciting causes of dispute and social turmoil. Decidedly the philosophers are no wiser than the lower herd; and science has its war-list as well as its band of martyrs.

The women, Heaven bless them! are the fiercest of all the "braves" out in the fields and trenches, and carry on the war with a vigour unknown to the sterner sex. What is there but civil war between the rival ladies of suburban villas, when the one on the right has two bonnets in the season, and the one on the left has but one bonnet in the season? or, when the husband of the one indulges her with the Highlands or the Alps, and the husband of the other allows only the sea at Margate? Do you think that fair ladies know only how to pipe pastorals like Chloe and Amaryllis? Or that deadly passions never rage between the closest sisters in soul, and on no more hostile grounds either than a superiority in jam-pots, or the items of a milliner's bill? On the contrary, the civil war which vexes the inner heart of society has its choicest arsenals in the breasts of our finest ladies, and dearest female friends. And what martial passions can compare with those which fire the souls of the younger ladies of the suburban villas aforesaid, when the eligible young man of their society meanders through their ranks, making a feint of selecting, now right, now left, now the blonde in ringlets, now the brunette in braids, for his domestic lieutenant? Waterloo was a trifle to the unspoken combat between the forces, and Solferino was child's play. Of all forms of civil war commend me to that which fires a large circle of unmarried girls where brothers are scarce, and brothers' friends still scarcer, where all their dispositions are equally affectionate, and the proper objects for their affection equally rare.

And when once the strife of parties has broken loose in a neighbourhood, and society divides itself into opposite camps which hold no communion with each other and accept no neutrals, is the rifle a much more deadly enemy than the tongue, or are sabre wounds more dangerous than those made by calumny and hate? Let the question be one of a merely private and personal nature, the merits of which no outsider can comprehend—as in the case of a family quarrel—nevertheless, the whole local universe is convulsed, and the meekest individual in the place forced to take sides, on pain of being “cut” for a traitor or a time-server by both. Family quarrels are loud war-cries in country places, and the echoes are never failing. I have known a whole district broken up into two parties, the dearest friends severed and the ties of years snapped, because a gentleman of mature age chose to marry a lady of his own standing, and the grown-up daughter did not love her step-mother. Incontinently at the first blast of the trumpet, the friends and neighbours flew to arms, and it was years before the vendetta was fully accomplished, and peace finally proclaimed. Politics used to possess singularly explosive qualities, and whenever much indulged in, would blow the peace of a wide neighbourhood to the winds; but politics have died away now, and the battle of parties and electioneering colours become among the things of the past. In their stead we have the strife of varying faiths; and the civil war which has burnt itself out as to canons of political creed, blazes with full force round the pulpit and the platform. Orthodoxy and unorthodoxy pull caps in the seats of the ancient Tory and Whig, and hurl defiance at each other across the red lines of the rubric, and over the palisadings of pew-rents and the lawful Tenth. And is it not civil war, to the utmost extent of civil war on the wrong side of the guns, when men and women fail in every charity of social life, because their brains have fructified in different directions, and what seems clean and wholesome to the one is decidedly unwashed and indigestible to the other? People are so unwilling to allow of equality in difference. Why cannot they accept the doctrine of equal rights, and shake hands across the palings, instead of firing broadsides which set the whole place in a flame? Churches and chapels are unbefitting butts at all times, and a pulpit—even the pope’s—is the worst bull’s eye to be had. But churches and chapels have ever been thronged with the fiercest kind of combatants, and the creed which has love for its root, and good works for its blossoming, has been the fairest target of all for the slings and arrows of dissension and division.

There is civil war in trade, and the advertising pamphlets, and big black broadsheets, and glittering announcements in crumpled tinfoil or highly coloured gelatine, are the weapons—weapons which are to slay all rivals and conquer foreign territories in the shape of custom, at present appropriated by the enemy. Civil war in trade runs very high, waxing fiercer than is

advisable at times, when hostile phalanxes, sandwiched between placarding boards, parade the lines and provoke warm-blooded shopmen to unruly demonstrations, whose ultimate is the police court. Also it runs high when the question is of masked guns and false colours, and the Court of Chancery has to settle the legitimacy of the trading banners, and assign to its lawful possessor the distinctive legend. The civil war carried on in trade is a mighty war, pervading ships and shops alike, and penetrating into the deepest recesses of every mill and every work-room. It is a war of Kilkenny cats, where the big cats devour the little cats, and all make a horrible miauling as the exterminating process goes on. The public, which may be likened to the camp-followers, is the gainer, and picks up many a pretty bargain on the field, which could never have been got in more humane times. For, bankrupts’ stocks are the spoils taken from the dead men, and the cost-price sales are the tents abandoned and treasures left unguarded of the warriors intent only on mutual slaughter, with a sublime forgetfulness of individual advantage. During a passage of arms in trade, the hovering camp-followers—and specially those terrible beings, the cruelest of all who prey upon the dead, the women skilled in bargaining—rush in like a pack of wolves, and pick the bones of the warriors before they have time to look about them. Wherefore, civil war in trade is a clear case of suicide, where every weapon is a boomerang that comes back with a good thumping ring on the skull of the thrower, doing double damage, first to the object and then to the objector, and where the only gainers are the public—which it was the original intention of both parties to plunder at their leisure.

There is civil war between the employers and the employed; the one trying to exact more, and the other to give less, than the strict terms of the bond will permit. For, when once a man’s life has been weighed against so much money, his soul is assumed to be thrown into the bargain, and to belong to the paymaster, like his head or his hands. It is a case of commerce, and cheating within the liberties is not unlawful. On the other hand, a man who has to sell his life for daily bread tries to get as big a loaf as possible for as small a measure of meal; and excludes from his definition of handwork all that lies in the palm and all that springs from the tips. He is by no means disposed to give more than he bargained for, but draws his lines of circumvallation as far afield as is possible to human ingenuity. He is ever complaining that he is being driven from his trenches, and that the bargain was made when justice had unhooked her scales, so that the buyer weighted his gold with the chains. So the war goes on, and the old adage, “Pull baker, pull devil,” expresses the condition of the case. In the strikes, the baker pulls pretty lustily, but seldom to any good result; never, if the battle has been more than ordinarily fierce, and all question of armistice or amnesty set aside. In fact, up to the present time the poor baker has

had but a bad time of it, and his Cloutieship, as the Scotch call him, has had everything his own way. There is civil war between authors and publishers, too; representatives of a large section of employers and employed, or rather of the payer and the paid; and if you would believe either side, you would come to a curious state of haze and mist concerning some of the questions of social economy. These maintain that they buy chaff at the price of the finest wheat, and plant their gardens with dry sticks incapable of budding out to use or profit; indeed, it is one of the unexplained problems of society how publishers manage to exist and make large fortunes on a perpetual series of failures. Not believing these, listen to those, and they will tell you that they have sold their finest wheat at the rate of chaff or straw, and have planted the publisher's garden with rare flowering plants paid for as so many dried sticks; they have harvested all his grain, and left their own to rot on the ground; they have built him a palace, and been content with a mud hovel themselves; in short, they have been martyrs, each and equally; but the cooler bystander sees only the fact that the two forces are at war together, and that both lose their senses in the din and turmoil of the battle.

The same thing goes on with managers and actors, patrons and artists, picture-dealers and painters, committee men and designers: with every one without exception where there is gold and influence on the one side, and empty purses and talent on the other. Brains are matters of barter just like calico or muslin; and he is the best merchandiser who is able to sell his wares in the highest market. There would be a higher market for all if there were no civil war, and brains would fetch a better price if the bargain was made over the fumes of the loving-cup instead of in the smoke-wreaths of an Arm-strong gun.

There is civil war in all professions, but chiefly, perhaps, in the medical. One doctor holding such an angle, is the mortal enemy of another doctor entrenched in the opposite angle; one system assaults another system; globules cross fires with boluses; the water-cure wets the powder and spikes the biggest guns of both, with perfect impartiality. As for special branches of the healing art, it is a wonder that any should be left to tell the tale of mutual slaughter that goes on. Look at the dentists, read their advertisements, hear of their doings; then judge of the chance which your molars and bicusps have of fair play in their hands. For in civil war nothing suffers more than the cause or the person for whom that war was originated, and the strife which the scalpel and the pharmacopœia generate among the users thereof, benefits no one on earth, but still less the patient than the prescriber. It makes one excessively uncomfortable to think that one's own unfortunate body is the battle-ground of some hundreds of men, and a few score of systems; and that one's most mysterious and most secret ailments are the trophies for which they are contending! It is as bad as being eaten by a legion of locusts, or trodden to

death by an army of ants. But there is no escape from it, no neutral ground; we all must belong to one or other of the fighting factions; and if we change sides often, we simply run additional danger when "crossing the open," protected by no banner at all. For, there are always certain companies of free-lances, bashi-bazouks or independent warriors, the Ishmaelites of the profession—quacks in the vernacular—who hover round the main body ready to pick up the stragglers. Those whom they have once picked up, seldom get over their capture; the bone-setters, and the herbalists, and the hygeists, and the patent medicine makers of all kinds, being as deadly foes to the outside community as they are to each other.

The civil war between professions extends to all, of every denomination whatsoever; and the members of all, respectively, fight together, with a violence once equalled in ants and moles; about the fiercest belligerents in nature. No lawyer finds another's law tenable; no priest proclaims a brother priest sound from head to heel in a doctrinal sense; the rawest beginner at military engineering could have taught Vauban, or added to the defences of Gibraltar; and the youngest sea captain on the list would have handled "The Fighting Téméraire" with more seamanship, and to a better result. Dog eats dog until the canine platter is full to overflowing, and the civil war going on in all ranks and everywhere, enlists some of its most notorious Goliaths from the members of professions which ought to have taught them better things.

There is civil war between the superfine and downright; between the lady by the patent of blue blood, and the lady by the patent of yellow gold, and with both, coalesced, against the lady in her own right with neither blue blood nor yellow gold; there is civil war between the ladies who keep footmen and the ladies who keep pages; between the mistress of many maids, and the mistress of but one; between the wearers of jaunty hats and impudent feathers, and the wearers of old-fashioned bonnets and limp petticoats; between the marrying girls and the non-marrying girls; between prudes and coquettes; between the girls who like balls, and the girls who affect schools; between the girls who go out to every gaiety of the season, and the girls whose ultimate thule of dissipation is the front row at a solemn oratorio; there is civil war between the two aspirants of the one fair hand and between the twenty aspirants of the goodly fortune; and between all of both sexes who stand in higher favour with the other sex, whether married or single, appropriated or to be appropriated. There is civil war between the drivers of a stately barouche and pair, and the drivers of an under-taxed one; between the drivers of an under-taxed one, and the hirers of cabs; between the hirers of cabs, and the riders in omnibuses; between the well, and the roof; as between the respectability of the old-fashioned sixpence, and the shocking vulgarity of the democratic twopence.

Was there ever occasion wanting for civil war when men and women were so minded? Indeed no. Bullets have been made out of old oyster-shells before now, and more than one severe struggle has taken place on the merits of a dead language, when at last none knew what they were fighting for, and no one could be found to prove which faction was right. In short, the more shadowy the object, the more passionate the struggle; and the wars ever going on for ideas, are by far more deadly than those undertaken for facts—save always the one gigantic fact of self-advantage, and this beats the biggest tom-tom of all, and counts its foes by thousands and tens of thousands combined.

ACCLIMATISATION.

In the absence of all domestic animals, Man would convert his fellow-men into beasts of burden, and even into butcher's meat; but thanks to acclimation and domestication, the King of Tahiti now prefers his saddle-horse to riding in state on his subjects' shoulders, and oxen, pigs, and goats have proved effectual missionaries in the conversion of savages from cannibalism.

The benefits conferred on uncivilised, distant, and infant nations (the latter of which comprise all colonies), by conveying to them our domestic creatures and our cultivated plants, is acknowledged and incontestable; but Europe is now bethinking herself whether, in this important matter, it ought to be always "all give and no take;" whether, amongst the multitudinous beings that roam the earth, glide through the air, and float in the waters, of other countries, we cannot find some useful addition to our present stock. It is even worth consideration whether we have made the most of, and derived the greatest advantage from, the creatures by whom we are already surrounded. These questions give rise to considerations of a most interesting and at the same time extremely difficult nature. The current belief of the present day is sanguine and hopeful of success in adding to our domestic stock—more sanguine, it may be added, than late endeavours have justified.

In 1854 a few energetic and learned Frenchmen founded an acclimation society. In 1858 the city of Paris munificently granted them space to make a garden, in one of the best situations of the Bois de Boulogne. The society has rapidly become powerful, if not by its practical results, at least by the number and the rank of its members. The future will show whether the liberality of Paris is productive of any agricultural and domestic utility, or whether it is to remain, like our Regent's Park garden, an agreeable resort, a pleasing show, and a curious menagerie where a few rare birds and beasts occasionally breed.

This revival of the hopes of increasing our domestic stock has also had its effect in England. We have now a Society for the Acclimatisation of animals, birds, fishes, insects, and vegetables in the United Kingdom. The very length of this list of desiderata makes it incom-

plete. Animals (taking the word in its wide sense) and vegetables alone, would have sufficed. As it is, reptiles, however desirable, are excluded; although St. Patrick's power extends no farther than the limits of the Emerald Isle. But when we once are about the work of acclimatisation, all ought to be fish that comes to our net,—which is really the spirit of Mr. Frank Buckland's excellent report, and of his paper read before the Society of Arts. Now, several lizards, as the gecko, are capital eating, with delicate white flesh, like that of chicken. A settlement of indigenous turtle on our southern coasts would be no bad thing. The pretty little green tree-frog, established in our shrubberies, would render services analogous to those of swallows and other insectivorous birds. An old and wide-spread notion exists that certain lizards are the friends of man, and warn him of impending danger. The mud-tortoise furnishes a nutritious article of food in Southern Europe, although its wild-fowl flavour may be a little too decided. In the Spanish convents, where persons calling themselves religious are obliged to "make meagre" nearly all the year round, tortoises are reared in walled-in gardens planted with lettuces. They lay their eggs in the ground, and the sun hatches them. When they have attained a pound weight or a little more, they are fit to eat. During a dearth in France, the tortoises found on the borders of the Durance fed the peasants of the neighbourhood for three whole months. A tortoise-pond, in case of need, is as convenient to resort to as a rabbit-hutch. We are persuaded that Mr. Buckland will still open his doors to any promising reptile that may present itself.

A great merit of the society is, that it is a society and not an individual. An individual dies; his collection and apparatus are dispersed; his experience and knowledge are more frequently lost and forgotten than recorded and remembered. But a society has a life of indefinite duration, and does not allow a magnificent menagerie, like that of the late Lord Derby, to be broken up. A wise proposition is the division of labour to be effected by requesting those members who have facilities on their estates for experiments, and who are willing to give their aid, to undertake the charge of such subjects for experiment as may be offered to them by the society, periodically reporting progress to the council. The great point, here, is to avoid wasting time and money on things that have been repeatedly tried before and have as often been found wanting.

According to M. Isidore Saint-Hilaire, man has now three duties to fulfil: First, the preservation of useful animals—precious gifts which we have received from nature, and which we often lose through our ignorance, and especially through our carelessness. Secondly, the making the most of our domestic animals, so that nothing belonging to them should be lost, nor even badly employed, which would constitute a comparative loss. Thirdly, the annexation to our useful species, whether wild or domestic, of

other animals fit for like uses, or, better still, for novel uses. Briefly, we are bound to keep what we have; to utilise it in the most profitable way, and to increase our stock, if possible.

To take care of what one has, is such commonplace wisdom, that it seems strange to recommend it in these enlightened days. Yet the barbarism of past ages still stalks erect amidst the civilisation of the nineteenth century. Man amuses himself more than ever in destroying the benefactions whom Nature has presented to him, and whom he might retain by simply abstaining from mischief. The war which man wages, under pretence of shooting and fishing, against every animal he is able to destroy, is as fierce as it was during the middle ages, and is aggravated by the possession of more destructive arms.

For our own sakes at least, we ought to spare the enemies of our enemies; we might even encourage allies and auxiliaries who feed on vermin which destroy the fruits of the earth. On this head, France (the south) deserves a more severe lecture than England does. The insectivorous birds are our steady friends. Rare in winter—for few remain in the country all the year round—nature sends them to us in flocks on the return of spring. As soon as the insects begin their ravages, these are checked by our beneficent visitors, who are nevertheless received as if they were a scourge. Some are wantonly destroyed, out of mere prejudice. Let a windhover or an owl flutter over a field, and the farmer will not rest until the intruder is nailed to the door of the barn, whose expected contents pay the penalty of the crime. Others, against whom there exists no popular ill-will—the redbreast, the wagtail, and even the songsters of the grove, blackcaps, redstarts, the nightingale himself—are massacred in heaps as small game for the table (always in the south), where they figure on the dish rather than render any service. There also exists a band of ogres, who wander about in the guise of bird-nesting children.

As a consequence, France is more ravaged by insects than England. With a climate more favourable to insect development, and with a feebleness preventive check, insect foes prove their power to injure. The swarm of cockchafers in May and June are only outdone by African locusts. Weevils of all sorts make the gardener's heart sad. There are pollen-eating beetles, which, during their reign, hardly allow him to have a perfect flower. Before a rosebud is half opened, they will burrow through it to devour the anthers; and, what is still worse, they render the blossom of his fruit abortive. Man has only to be surrounded by feathered friends, to have these insidious enemies destroyed.

Before looking forward to what M. Saint-Hilaire hopes may still be effected in the way of domestication, let us glance at what has been done already. He attaches very great importance to the study of domestic animals, and comes to the conclusion that there is no such thing as immutability of species or fixity of zoological

type. Consequently, he considers captive animals as creatures whom we may mould almost according to our will. A mixed multitude of some hundred and fifty thousand species of living creatures offers itself for our selection; and out of it we have domesticated, he says, forty-seven. These forty-seven creatures are divided into four categories: auxiliary, helpers, as the ferret and the cat; alimentary, for food, as the pig; industrial, for manufactures, as the silkworm; and accessory, agreeable superfluities, as the canary-bird and guinea-pig. The elephant is not included in the list. In spite of its power and its eminent services, we cannot yet say that we "possess" it; it will not reproduce in domesticity.

And where do these forty-seven possessions come from? About some, there is no difficulty. The Canada goose answers for itself; the golden, silver, and collared, pheasants we have from China. The canary-bird is ticketed with his correct certificate of birth. The turkey and the musk duck were brought from North and South America respectively. At the conquest of Peru, the guinea-pig was found already domesticated. The same uncertainty hangs about the dates of the domestication of the lama and the alpaca, although we may be pretty sure that the Andes are their geographical home. The cochineal insect was reared on cactus plants by the Mexicans before the conquest. The buffalo was known only in the wild state by Aristotle and the ancient naturalists. Its domestication was Oriental, and of no great antiquity. It was introduced into Italy in the year five hundred and ninety-five, or five hundred and ninety-six. Its progress northward has therefore been checked by the Alps for twelve centuries and a half: a remarkable proof of its inferior utility to the almost cosmopolitan ox. The rabbit is a native of Spain (where it appears to have been first domesticated), of Corsica, and probably of other parts of southern Europe. Whether the south of France was also the primitive home of the rabbit, is uncertain, but in the first century before the Christian era it had so multiplied that the "pernicious animal," according to Strabo, extended its ravages from Spain to Marseilles. Subsequently, it became such a nuisance in the Balearic Islands that the inhabitants petitioned Cæsar Augustus to send troops to their assistance. The ferret was a consequence of the rabbit. Its specific determination is not completely settled; its nearest wild relation is the polecat. But Strabo says the ferret comes from Libya, where the polecat has not yet been found.

The domestication of the common duck was still incomplete at the close of the Roman Republic. It is mainly owing to the Romans that the guinea-fowl is become a European bird. Alexander's expedition enriched Greece with the peacock. The goose was domesticated in Greece as far back as the time of Homer. For the common pheasant, the bird of Phasis, we must traverse history, and remount to the mythological days of the Argonauts.

The domestication of some other creatures certainly dates from high antiquity, from an ante-historic period. The mulberry silkworm was cultivated in China in the reign of Yao, two thousand two hundred years before our era. M. Stanislas Julien refers it to more than forty-five centuries ago. The hen is Asiatic: descended through a long line of ancestors, from *Gallus bankira*, many believe. The geographical origin of the pigeon is very uncertain, even if we admit that all the domestic races are derived from the *Columba livia*, or blue rock dove.

The camel is said to be still found wild in Turkistan as well as in Thibet. Its domestication is of unknown date. The dromedary is no longer known in a state of nature. The sheep and goat are mentioned in Genesis. The goat is not a descendant, as has been supposed, of one of the three European bouquetins, nor the sheep of our European mouflon. Pallas's opinion, assigning to both an Asiatic origin, is fully justified by the evidence of history. M. Saint-Hilaire also feels bound to restore the ox to Asia. At an epoch when the West was still covered with forests, the East, already civilised, possessed both the zebu and the ox; the latter species, therefore, came to us from the East. Cuvier's opinion that our oxen spring, not from the aurochs (as Buffon supposed), but from an animal destroyed by civilisation and now only known by its fossil bones, is held to be no longer tenable.

The horse and the ass are both of Oriental origin. The wild horse is still found in Central Asia; the native country of the onager or wild ass extends from Asia into the north-east of Africa. The pig has long been supposed to be descended from our European wild boar; but its domestication in the East—in the extreme East especially—mounts to a very remote epoch. The hog was domesticated in China at least forty-nine centuries ago, and is, therefore, a descendant of the Oriental wild boar, and not of our own. The *Sus scrofa* of Europe and the Indian swine resemble each other so closely that their specific differences are not yet exactly determined. Consequently, there is no zoological reason for referring the various breeds of pigs to *Sus scrofa* rather than to *Sus indicus* and other Eastern swine.

The domestic cat, although a later acquisition than the dog, is still a very ancient inmate of our dwellings. It is a double error to suppose it to be the issue of the native wild cat of our forests. Herodotus tells us that the Egyptians buried their cats "in sacred sepulchres," that is, in catacombs, where their mummies are found by modern travellers. In Nubia and Abyssinia, there exists, both in the wild and the domestic states, the gloved cat—*Felis maniculata*—which, judging from certain peculiarities of colouring, is the probable parent of all our pussies. Cats, therefore, are African.

The dog has been sometimes supposed to be the offspring of the wolf. Buffon took the shepherd's dog to be "the real dog of nature." Linnaeus considered the dog to be a distinct species, *Canis familiaris*, quite separate from

Canis lupus, *Canis aureus*, and others. But the only specific character of *Canis familiaris* is that he carries his tail curved to the left. M. Saint-Hilaire derives the various breeds of dogs from different species of jackals, who habitually frequent the neighbourhood of human dwellings. Jackals are eminently sociable, easily tamed, and soon become attached to their master. They breed readily with the dog, and bear a great resemblance to the canine races in colour, form, and even in voice. By association with barking dogs, the jackal learns to bark. Greyhounds are probably derived from *Canis simensis*, a slim-built species, recently discovered by M. Rueppell in the mountains of Abyssinia. Greyhounds, therefore, are not ordinary dogs extremely modified by human art and selection in breeding, but a race having their own proper origin and their special type, which retains to this day its leading characteristics.

With all these forty-seven domestic creatures, meat for the multitude still runs short; furs and skins are scarce and expensive; there is a demand for increased supplies of leather, of wool, hair, and other textile material, and also of additional brute labour. At this juncture science has the important part to play, of indicating fresh conquests to be made in the world of animals. Science, unfortunately, is but little prepared for such a task. Travellers hitherto have taken greater pains to enrich the museums of their native country than to introduce promising living animals.

M. Saint-Hilaire anticipates a twofold benefit from the naturalisation of foreign species in a wild condition in Europe. First, an increase of the ever-insufficient quantity of meat; the wombat and the kangaroo will one day be (as Cuvier long ago predicted) "as useful a game as the rabbit is;" an assertion which may be extended to a few American rodents, to several ruminants, and to a great number of gallinaceous birds. Secondly, several animals, besides being eatable, would render special service by their peltry. Would not the chin-chilla be a great acquisition to mountainous districts? Would not forests gain by being stocked with the Walleby kangaroo and the dusky phalanger, whose skins, susceptible of a variety of uses, are sold in immense numbers in the markets of Hobart Town?

Of the foreign wild species to be imported and domesticated, the American rodents, as meatmakers and substitutes for the rabbit, are M. Saint-Hilaire's particular favourites. Such are the pacas and the agoutis: members of a family of which the little guinea-pig is the best known type. There is scarcely one of these creatures whose flesh is not wholesome when it has been properly fed; and they are at the same time remarkable for their fecundity and their rapid development. No doubt, they will one day, like the rabbit, pass from the poultry-yard to the wood, stocking it with novel game. The cabiai (*cavia* or *hydrochærus capybara*), the largest rodent in the world, strongly tempts the domesticator. Resembling the guinea-pig in organi-

sation, it swims like the beaver, and feeds on water-weeds, thus converting into wholesome nutriment vegetable substances which are turned to no account. It is very prolific, and produces a great quantity of meat in a short space of time. It has not yet been known to breed in Europe; indeed, very few specimens have been seen here, and M. Saint-Hilaire is not sure whether the male and female have ever been found in the same menagerie. He therefore calls attention to "so precious an animal," and begs persons who are favourably situated, to send two or three pairs to Europe; or, better still, to domesticate and breed them on the spot.

Mr. Darwin's account of the capybara, or water-hog, is much less encouraging—except in respect to the size of the animal. One which he shot at Monte Video, weighed ninety-eight pounds; its length from the end of the snout to the stump-like tail, was three feet two inches; its girth three feet eight. These great rodents occasionally frequent the islands in the mouth of the Plata, where the water is quite salt, but they are far more abundant on the borders of fresh-water lakes and rivers. Near Maldonado, three or four generally live together. In the daytime they either lie among the aquatic plants, or openly feed on the turf plain.

Again, there is the mara (*Dolichotis patagonicus*), whose skin is highly esteemed for carpets. This is a burrowing animal, living sociably in couples in dry sandy spots, and never near marshes. The dews afford them sufficient drink. Their flesh is white, and would be delicious in the hands of a French cook. M. Saint-Hilaire insists upon and urges the acclimation of the mara, which is not only possible but easy. Comparable, but superior, to the rabbit, it could both be bred in the domestic state and also naturalised as game. He patronises with nearly equal enthusiasm, the bizcacha, another burrowing rodent, so interesting for its curious habit of collecting curiosities at the mouth of its hole. A gentleman who lost his watch one dark night found it next morning by searching the neighbourhood of every bizcacha burrow on his line of road. The bizcachas feed on roots and vegetables. In the evening they come out in numbers, and quietly sit on their haunches at the mouth of their holes. At such times they are very tame, and a man on horseback passing by seems only to present an object for their grave contemplation. Mr. Darwin testifies that their flesh, when cooked, is very white and good, but is seldom used. M. d'Orbigny was astonished to see so delicate a dish despised in America. Why is it so despised? Are bizcachas looked upon as vermin? Their skins are sent to Buenos Ayres in considerable numbers. The bizcacha would thrive perfectly in Europe, and M. Saint-Hilaire longs for its arrival, to take its place beside the rabbit.

As a rival to the hog, the tapir is brought forward, being quite as easy to feed, and producing an abundance of excellent flesh, with the additional advantage of serving as a beast of

burden. The Brazilian tapir is eminently sociable; in default of his own kind, he courts the company of any animal that falls in his way. He soon knows and obeys his master, but seems to require a high temperature, and has not yet been known to breed in Europe, nor even captive in America. There is, however, a Columbian species, which frequents, and is abundant in, the elevated regions of the Cordilleras. It attains a weight of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds, and appears likely to bear the rigours of our climate, as well as to make himself generally useful.

The president of the French Acclimation Society is a true philosopher, an intrepid horse-eater, who would accord a fair tasting to donkey-flesh, and who appreciates even rats when properly fed; but both he and the English Acclimation Society have one obstacle before them—popular prejudice—which we fear will, for a time at least, wall in and imprison many of their efforts. That universal favourite, the potato, was but slowly and reluctantly accepted by the masses. Nothing is more singular than the diversity of absurd prejudices which, in most countries, prevent the inhabitants from taking advantage of nutriment which lies at their disposal. Every nation regards the prejudices of other nations, as foolish, and obstinately persists in its own. By a strange contradiction, the Christian pities the Jew and the Mussulman, because they hold pork in abhorrence, and yet the Christian repulses the notion of touching horse-flesh. The Hindoo has an equal horror of beef. Mutton is by no means a cosmopolitan dish. Calves' feet, the livers of fowls, and goose giblets, were formerly thrown away as unfit for human food. The Russians still abstain from pigeon, through a religious motive, because it is the emblem of the Holy Spirit. The Italians hold the rabbit in aversion. The French eat on a small scale frogs, and on a large scale snails, dog-fish, and sorrel-soup: all of which would be rejected by the English labourer, even if starving; while rhubarb, sea-kale, and parsnips, are scarcely yet appreciated on the great majority of Gallic tables.

While prejudice retains its sway, our alimentary resources remain very limited; the hardest-working class has the sparest diet. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, the common people of France ate meat only three times a year; it is doubted whether their situation has greatly changed. Prejudice steps in, whenever innovations are attempted, and puts its veto on much wholesome food. For instance, the English Society is seeking an animal of moderate size, not poultry, nor small pork, nor white meat, which can be killed and eaten while good, by an average middle-class family. They bethought themselves of the wombat, an Australian rodent that burrows in the earth and feeds by night; they feared, with reason, that the million would refuse to eat it. But, for an animal with the required qualifications, there is no need to go so far as the antipodes. At hand

we can have the fatted kid—wholesome savoury meat, neither white nor porky, and not too much of it. The hardy goat will live on vegetable rubbish, will bear to be tethered, and will supply capital milk. But the English million will no more dine off kid, than it would off wombat. A family who were presented with a quarter, acknowledged it with the remark that "they were not in the habit of eating dog." Diminutive sheep are therefore elected to stop the gap. Wales possesses breeds quite small enough for the purpose; lovely little creatures, delicious mutton: only they wander like antelopes and jump like grasshoppers, without an elementary notion of the law of trespass. Would an arboricultural squire or a horticultural rector regard cottagers possessed of small flocks of those sheep, in the light of pleasant and quiet neighbours?

SEA-SIDE LODGERS.

I LIVE at the sea-side—at Bastings, in fact—and I keep a lodging-house. My establishment is a regular *bonâ fide* lodging-house. I am not one of those who have a room or two to let, and so eke out their living. Far from it. I let out the whole of my house in apartments, and make a livelihood by so doing.

Although these words appear to come from me, Martha Bee-flat, they are not really my words—that is, not altogether. Mr. Broadhead,* a literary gentleman, takes down my words, and puts them into shape. Mr. Broadhead is one of my oldest customers, and has spent the greater part of every summer under my roof for many years past. It is through him that I am now able to give my observations to the world.

I see by the papers, which I have plenty of time to read in the winter and spring months, that it is very common for scientific gentlemen to write accounts of their observations on the stars, the weather, the meteors, the comets, and what not, with which the nature of their studies has made them familiar. Now, what I want to do is to make some observations on the particular subject with which I, in my way, am familiar: to say, in short, a few words about—*Lodgers*.

The world has been in the habit of looking at the subject of lodgings, and all that belongs to it, from one point of view, and from one point of view only—that is to say, from the lodgers' point of view. They never see it from the landlady's. The reason of this is, that all the people who can write letters to the papers, or articles in the different periodicals, are themselves almost always lodgers, and never landladies. I myself could not write this if it were not that I am fortunate enough to have the assistance of Mr. Broadhead, as before mentioned.

* Mrs. B. is a very superior woman, and what she says requires so little doctoring, that I have really no right to take any credit in this matter at all.—J. B.

Mr. Broadhead says that just here some little account of myself, how I happened to let lodgings, and so on, would come in very well; that it would make what I have to say flow easily; that it would fill up an awkward gap between these introductory remarks, and the observations which I am about to make. Somehow I don't see this. I want to get on to my observations at once. I mention Mr. Broadhead's protest, however, to exonerate him from any blame in case my style should by any person be considered at all disjointed or abrupt. It isn't his fault, but mine.

One of the most remarkable things I have noticed in connexion with this subject is, that there are certain classes to one of which all the lodgers who have ever come under my notice, belong. Sometimes they will belong to more than one of these classes, but under some one of the heads which I will now proceed to give, I do believe that every lodger who ever entered an apartment is certain to come.

I divide my lodgers into eight classes: The Neat lodgers, and the Muddling lodgers; the Severe lodgers, and the Easy lodgers; the Respectable lodgers, and the Scampish lodgers; finally, the Sociable lodgers, and the Secluded lodgers.

I have many opportunities of observing the different residents under my roof. When I tap at the door and enter with a letter—which I sometimes do when I know the letter is not for the party I bring it to, in order that I may take them unawares—when I come to receive orders about dinner; and when—the lodgers being out airing or sea-ing themselves—I take a good long look round the rooms to see if anything has been damaged, and to find out in a general way what my lodgers are up to—at all these times, and at many others, I have many a good chance of noticing their ways and forming my own opinions about them.

Of course on these occasions I can make out at a glance the class to which my lodgers belong. Indeed, I can generally settle this in my own mind long before they come in, and when I am showing them over the apartments. At such times, the neat lodger or the muddling lodger proclaims himself in a moment.

The first of these has a way of glancing sharply at me, personally, directly he enters the house, to see if there are any screws loose in my costume. He sniffs, too, continually, especially on the staircase and in the bedroom (he may sniff there as much as he likes. I flatter myself that my establishment is as free as any private house from unpleasantness in any shape).* My neat lodger opens the cupboard in the sitting-room, and sniffs into that, and then he joins his wife, who has been turning up the bedclothes, and prying into the tick of the mattresses in the bedroom, and they whisper together and sniff to-

* I am not quite so confident on this point as my worthy hostess, having occasionally, when getting up in the morning, found certain marks upon me resembling the chicken-pock. Mrs. B. says it is a rash, but I doubt it.—J. B.

gether, and then, after insulting me by muttering that they "suppose that there's nothing better to be had," they decide to honour me with a visit.

By the time the neat lodger has been in my apartments a couple of hours he is as much at home there as if he had had the advantage of living in them all his life. It is perfectly extraordinary how he makes every bit of room available. At once there is a corner for his stick and umbrella, a particular peg for his hat, another for his great-coat—for the neat lodger always takes care of his health—and another for the straw-hat of his wife. His papers are all arranged in the drawer of my beautiful rosewood cabinet, his books are on the shelves, the newspapers are placed in layers on the side-table, and his boxes are unpacked and hidden under the bed, so that there really is no sign of his being a bird of passage. Why, I once found a neat lodger with a hammer and tacks of his own, nailing down that little bit of carpet which always sticks up just by the door into the bedroom and prevents it from opening!

The contrast to my neat lodgers presented by my muddling lodgers—who come next in order—is something perfectly extraordinary. If the neat lodger shows himself for what he is, directly he sets foot in my house, surely this is even more the case still with the muddling lodger.

The muddling lodger has always a family of children—which is far from being the case with the neat lodger—and he and his wife, and the nurse and the children, all come trooping into the house in a straggling manner, leaving the doors open behind them, and bawling to each other through open windows, which they continue to do all the time they are in the apartments. They commence at once to monopolise the staircase, and to treat it as if it was their own property, spending an unconscionable amount of time on it, and staring in indignant surprise at any of the other lodgers whom they may meet going up or down.

On entering the apartments which I have to show them over, the muddling lodgers seem always perfectly bewildered, and have never the least idea whether they will suit or not. They make the rooms look untidy directly they come into them, for they always have all sorts of parcels and wrappers in their hands, which they put down on every available spot at once. They thump down into chairs, too, directly, and begin staring about them without seeing anything. And the lady cannot sit down on a chair without giving it a twist out of the line in which it was originally placed, nor can the gentleman cross the room to look out of window—which seems his only idea of looking at the lodgings—without blundering against some article of furniture and knocking it away. By-and-by, the lady will get up and find her way into the bedrooms, where, after languidly staring about her for some time and still seeing nothing, she will ask me a silly question about insects.

The lodgings once taken, it really makes me wretched to go into my beautiful apartments

and see how they are disfigured. What a sight the round table in the middle of the sitting-room is, for the eyes of its fond proprietress! What a sight is the rosewood cabinet, the side-table, the little occasional table with the telescope on it in the window! All these things are covered with the most uncomfortable and incompatible objects that can be conceived. Newspapers, torn Bradshaws, that melancholy penny ink-bottle stopped with a screw of paper, and a pen which has been dipped down too deep into it and is blackened more than half way up; bills receipted and unreceipted, letters, bread with the traces of butter glistening on the crumb, the butter itself in an oily state, the knife having fallen, with plenty of butter on the blade, upon the carpet. All these things, together with half empty uncorked wine and ginger-beer bottles—for the whole family is always thirsty—are scattered in every direction, and will even find their way occasionally through the folding-doors into the best bedroom.

That apartment presents almost a more dreadful spectacle than the sitting-room itself. The muddling lodgers never unpack anything, but live, if I may so speak, out of their boxes. The chest of drawers is empty, and the boxes, which are over full, will not shut. Articles of wearing apparel have been dragged up by the roots, from the bottom of those boxes, without lifting out the objects which lay over them. The beds are looked upon in the light of wardrobes, and are covered with dresses, hats, bonnets, and not unfrequently with boots and shoes. Will it be believed that once I actually found the claw of a lobster in the unmade bed? I shall never forget it.

Oh, those muddling lodgers! what an existence they have of it. How dreadful their meals are. How immediately after I have set the dishes down in their proper places are they dragged out of them, and all the symmetry of the table destroyed. They never ask for a dish they want, but claw it to them across the table; and then, there they leave it until some other member of the family claws at it. They leave great hairy limbs of prawn sticking to the butter after breakfast; they will dine with a walking-stick or a parasol lying on the table, where, too, the children place their favourite playthings during the meal. The muddling gentleman walks about the room in his stockings, having left his slippers behind him in London, and the muddling lady never has her boots laced up till an advanced hour of the day, and never rises from her seat without her dress catching in some article or other of furniture, while she will sometimes drag a whole set of fire-irons after her that have caught in that immense noose at the bottom of her dress, formed by half a yard or so of flounce which has "come undone."

I solemnly declare, that when my muddling lodgers go away—and they always make numerous false starts, coming back to fetch this, that, and the other, which they have left behind—I declare that when I go up to put the rooms

in order and prepare them for the next comers, I stand perfectly aghast at the state of things presented to my view, and feel almost incapable of doing anything. What revelations take place then! What horrors are disclosed when I open the doors of my favourite rose-wood cabinet or cheffonier. The wretches have used it as a larder. Bits of bacon, skins of sucked gooseberries, a cup of paste, which I made for them when they first came, for the children's kite,—a cup of paste, I say, three weeks old, with a forest of mould growing six inches high out of it; crusts of bread that you might build a house with, they are so hard; and butter, which, as I have before hinted, is their great stronghold, butter over every blessed thing in the place. Everything looks spoilt. The sofa on which both Mr. and Mrs. Muddle are always walloping down with a bang, looks dragged out of all shape, the easy-chair has lost a castor, and there is such a combination of fusty smells pervading the apartment, that if the next lodgers should happen to be of the neat order and begin sniffing, I should most certainly lose the benefit of their patronage.*

So I should, most probably, if the severe lodgers were to drop in upon me at that time. Indeed, between these and the neat lodgers there is a resemblance so strong that the two classes can hardly be kept quite separate. The severe lodger is extremely suspicious, and has it impressed upon his mind that I am going to cheat and deceive him in all sorts of possible and impossible ways. He will have everything down in black and white, and draws out an agreement like a lease when he enters my apartments for a single week. Of all the severe lodgers that I have ever met with, the most severe are military officers on half-pay. There is one who comes to my lodgings pretty often, accompanied by his wife, a grown-up daughter, and his son, a lad of about fourteen. Captain Sharp, which is this gentleman's name, never comes down to Bastings in the season. He waits till it is over, or just on the wane, and then he thinks he ought to be able to make any bargain he likes. "Now, Mrs. Bee-flat," he says, coming in alone—he never goes to an hotel, and has left his family sitting on the boxes at the station while he looks for apartments—"Now, Mrs. Bee-flat," says the captain, "here I am, you see, come down at the dead season of the year—I see there are nothing but bills up in every house in Bastings."

After this beginning I know what is coming, and sure enough it *does* come. The captain wants my best rooms—for it is one of the characteristics of these economical gentry that they always want the best of everything—he wants my four best rooms for a price so ridiculous that I really cannot bring myself to mention it; and, what is worst of all, is, he won't take no

for an answer. He sets to work to prove to me that he understands my business better than I do myself. He inquires what my rent is, makes a calculation how much what he proposes to give will contribute towards it, how much I shall lose by the lodgings remaining empty, with the interest and compound interest on this loss, all estimated to a penny. Well, it generally ends in my giving in, and then off he goes for the family, and returns with a truck, and a porter, and all his goods and chattels. There is a row with the porter at the door. There are nothing else but rows at the door all the time the captain is with me. He quarrels with all the tradespeople, and has at last to go into distant parts of the town for provisions, and he and the boy are always returning to the house laden with parcels. He will even sometimes go out with a carpet-bag and bring back a leg of mutton in it, done up in cabbage leaves.

What a life that man leads! He will not let Mrs. Sharp do anything. He comes into my kitchen and gives directions how the meat is to be cooked; and he will often swear that there were seven bones in the loin of mutton he purchased, and that only six have come up to table—daring to hint that I have retained a chop for myself!

The captain never takes a carriage. He says walking is better both for his family and himself than riding; and, as they can't walk for ever, he has got a large collection of camp-stools, with one of which each member of the family is armed, and on which they sit down in a row by the wayside. I believe they all, with the exception of the captain himself, detest the sight of these camp-stools; and I once saw Master Alfred—the son—give a violent kick to his, in my back kitchen, out of sight of his papa. Once, indeed, they went out with donkeys for the ladies, when the captain (in order that he might not have to give anything to the guide) said he did not want a boy with him, and would manage the donkeys himself. I am almost glad to say that the donkeys took to kicking on the top of a high down, miles away from Bastings, and declined to go any farther; and one of them actually bit a piece out of the skirt of the captain's coat; so they didn't take much by that manoeuvre.

The captain will refuse to give anything to the band that plays before his window, saying that he dislikes music, but he will have the window opened while it is there, nevertheless, and will beat time to the tune almost as if he enjoyed it. Once I caught him hiding behind the curtains, and watching with intense delight the exhibition of Punch, but he would not allow any of his family to appear at the window, lest they should be expected to give something to the showman.

Such are some of the goings on of my severe lodgers. There is no limit to their notions of what they have a right to exact from everybody who comes in contact with them. Woe to me if the dinner is five minutes behind time. Woe

* I have myself been invited to inspect my landlady's apartments on their being vacated by such lodgers as those just described, and I can vouch for the accuracy of her statement.—J. B.

to my servant if she is not up at six o'clock, and ready with the captain's boots brightly polished, and his warm water at half-after, though why he gets up so early it is impossible to say, as he has nothing to do but make bargains all day long. Probably he does it out of aggravation. As to the idea in the mind of the severe lodger of the amount of broken victuals which goes down from his table, it is perfectly incomprehensible. One day I really did lose all patience about it, and I could not help saying:

"I'll tell you what, Captain Sharp, the best way will be for you to have the weights and scales up-stairs, and then you can weigh the meat that goes down, and weigh it again when it comes up next day, and we'd better both make a note of it, and then we shall be sure."

Altogether, I think the severe lodger is more trouble than he's worth, and I do really believe that if the captain shows his clean-shaved face and his thin figure here this autumn, I shall decline him. I've no patience with him; I know he had money with his wife—he'd never have married her without—and it's stinginess and not poverty that I complain of. The really poor are not the severe lodgers, and not one of them will polish a bone like that odious Captain Sharp.

Just as the severe lodgers resemble the neat lodgers in many respects, so the muddling lodger and the easy lodger are also almost exactly alike. Indeed, so much is this the case, that these last require no separate description. Except for their muddling propensities, they are pleasant people to deal with, and the only thing I have to complain about is, that they never know when they are going, and are always wanting me to let them stop on for another day or two, or else to let them off at the half week. But they have agreeable qualities; they never ask about anything that goes from table, and if I chose to take advantage—which of course I never do—I might make a very good thing of their stay under my roof.

Oh dear me! what a dreadful thing. Here's Mr. Broadhead gone away to London, sent for on the sudden from his office, and I haven't near said all I wanted to say about my lodgers. What is to be done? Perhaps I could manage it by myself. At all events, I'll have a try. There's no harm in that.

I was going to say something about my respectable lodgers. Of course such lodgers are dear to every landlady's heart, and little is the care and anxiety I should have, if such as Mr. Checquers (which is the head cashier in Counterfoil's Bank) was the only sort of lodgers that came into my apartments. Lor! who would want a reference with such a gentleman as that? Why, every bit of him is a reference, from the beautiful smooth hat on his head, to the black cloth gaiters under his trousers. Talk about well-ordered minds and regular habits! Up at seven every morning, and off to take his bath, with his own towels, mind, and his flesh-brushes and his

comb, and his button-hook for his gaiters, and his shoe-horn for his shoes, all in a little case made a' purpose—why, some of my lodgers go out to bathe, little more than half-dressed, sulky and half asleep, and come back looking like drowned rats, with their hair all of a tangle, and gaping and yawning and putting off the finishing of their dressing till after breakfast; while Mr. Checquers has his "Good morning, Mrs. B.," as he goes out cheerful and amiable, and comes out of the machine as he might out of his dressing-room, fit to take a walk anywhere, or to meet anybody. Bless the man! why he makes his own tea for his half-after eight o'clock breakfast, boiling the water with a Hetna. Then he sits a little while by the open window, and perhaps we have a chat as I clear away the things, and then he orders his loind of mutton or what not, but always plain cooking. And many's the anecdote he has to tell about the different great and titled visitors staying in this town or in St. Reynards close contagious; for he knows 'em all.

And surely it's a credit—equal to having a clergyman in the house—to see him go out to the library, where he reads every one of the papers and the magazines—for he's a great reader; and only yesterday the young man from that library says to me, "There ain't a single party in all Bastings, no, nor St. Reynards neither, Mrs. B., as takes it out of a library to the extent which your lodger does; and if newspapers was wore out in the reading, that gent would be a loss and not a gain to the governor, as I often tell him."

With his library and his walk from three to five, my respectable lodger gets through his afternoon as a gentleman should, and at half-after five there he is with his hands washed and his hair brushed, ready for his loind of mutton, as I said before, and with his decanter of sherry by his side like a pictur; and many's the time that he has said that nobody—nobody as ever he met with—could make such rice puddings—which is his second course every day as regular as the sun—as I could; for he likes them solid like, and not as some do, all in a swim of milk and whey.

The band plays every evening on the Parade; and there after his tea my respectable lodger takes his walk and makes his observations on the different visitors who will promenade it up and down there by the hour. And so with that and a little more reading, and a glass of cold brandy-and-water, it gets at last to be half-after ten, and then there's an end of Mr. Checquers for that day.

"Ah, sir," I've said to him sometimes when we part—and he always offers me a glass of sherry-wine on the last evening of his stay—"Ah, sir, I should be sorry to see this place without you; and last year, when you didn't come down, many's the time I said to them as knowed me and you, 'Bastings,' I said, 'isn't Bastings without Mr. Checquers.'"

Not that I haven't plenty of other respectable lodgers, goodness be praised; but still that one

gentleman does seem, taking his gaiters and his clean linen, and his sherry-wine and his regular habits and altogether, to be the nearest to perfection of any lodger that a landlady need desire to see.

For oh! what creatures there are that come down to the sea-side, and that I call scampish lodgers. There are always some of them at every watering-place, and so I must expect sometimes to come in for a share like the rest.

My scampish lodgers are like the easy lodgers in being almost invariably of the muddling sort; but there the likeness stops, they not being in the least easy to deal with or easy to satisfy. Never were such exacting people, never were people, according to their own account, accustomed to so many luxuries of every kind. They have a large circle of acquaintance, that they are always talking about when I come into the room; but somehow or other they never know anybody down here, and, indeed, to hear them talk, you would think everybody here was altogether beneath their notice. They get up late; they quarrel in their bedrooms awful; they wear great big moustarchios—at least the gentlemen-scamps do—and large-patterned sea-side suits, and white sand-shoes.

It is not unfrequent for my scampish lodgers to have passed a good deal of their time abroad, and especially, I have observed from what they say, at Brussels. It is not unfrequent for them to allow the tradesmen's bills to run on till they amount to a sum which they consider "worth while drawing a cheque for," and it is not at all unfrequently the case that the bills in question never attain to such a sum, and, consequently, do not get paid.

It does my heart good to have the house full of sociable lodgers. To have a lot of young people just growing up, boys and girls all full of life and spirits, and half frantic with delight at finding themselves down at the sea-side. The real sociable lodgers, though they are a large party in themselves, don't come down to Bastings alone. There's always another family who come down at the same time, and take another house farther up the Parade, and so these two sets of young creatures are always together—always walking, and riding, and rowing, and flirting, and falling in love with one another. They talk to each other through the open windows, and make so many plans that they have hardly time to take their meals. But they *do* take them nevertheless, and, goodness me, how they do eat!

I come next, and last, to my secluded lodgers. These are either single individuals, or, more generally, two together—an old married couple, a lady and daughter, or perhaps a mother with her sick son. Poor things! Being a sociable person myself, and numbering among my acquaintance some of the leading commercial families in Bastings, it really sometimes makes me feel quite miserable to see what a lonely time of it my secluded lodgers have. I suppose, however, they don't all of them feel it as strongly as I should. The old married couple

—the secluded lodgers never take my best apartments, for they are always poor, or else they would have more friends—the old married couple, I feel almost sure, don't mind being so much by themselves. Lord! How they do seem to cling to each other, to be sure! I wonder what their history has been. I wonder if they have ever had any children. They seem so much to each other that I should almost think not, or, perhaps, their children have died, or are all out in the world, and so these two have come back to be as they were when they were first married. Well, to be sure, the old gentleman takes care of the old lady, and she takes care of him. They go out marketing together, and sometimes they make a bit of an excursion, the lady in a donkey-chair, and the old gentleman walking by her side. Then, when they come in, he reads the news to her, while she knits or sews, and in the evening, as I suppose their eyes arn't over good, they have their backgammon, or a game at cribbage.

I don't pity such secluded lodgers as these much, but some others there are that do seem to have a melancholy time of it. The lady with her sick son, who has something the matter with his eyes, and wears a shade over them, what a weary time they must have of it! The poor youth can't see to do anything to amuse himself, and they have nobody to come in and cheer them up with a bit of gossip. Sitting about upon the beach all day, as they do, or taking a short walk in the neighbourhood, must be wearisome work; and this is all, besides the boy's bathing, which they have to attend to. Then, on wet days, what a time they have of it! To be sure, the lady can read aloud to the poor young fellow, but what's that?

I sometimes let my parlours to a young lady and her mamma. The young lady looks sickly, and has, perhaps, been sent here for a change: which is what the doctors always order when they don't know what else to say. Whenever people get nervous and uncomfortable in their minds, they are ordered to have a change. Well, I don't know, but it seems to me that they can't change their own minds; they carry them about with them go *where* they will. However, these are things that I know nothing about, any more than I do what it is that makes the young lady seem so quiet and down-hearted, but what I *do* know is, that the best cure for the heart-ache is to have plenty of occupation, plenty of exercise, and plenty of friends to talk to, and keep you from thinking always about yourself. This poor young lady is always at her books which she has brought down with her, and I do sometimes think, from what I have overheard, that she's come down here to finish preparing herself, and to get strong if possible at the same time, that she may go out teaching. Both she and her mother are in deep mourning. Perhaps they have had some heavy loss, and are poorer than they used to be. Perhaps this young lady has had a happier prospect once than she has now. I saw her only yesterday evening standing by the sea in front

of the house, and she stood there in her shabby black clothes looking at nothing but the rising waves for a whole hour by the clock. When people are so lost in thought as that, I don't seem to think that their meditations are generally over happy ones.

I always felt, from the moment when Mr. Broadhead was sent for, that I should never be able to bring what I have to say about my lodgers to a proper ending. I knew as well as possible that I should have to stop sudden. That's one of the things which I cannot understand, how people can end anything, be it a letter or what not, without stopping sudden. And so here's health and long life to all, and if any lodgers, so long as they're not scampish ones, who may read these words, are in want of a pleasant residence facing the sea, and as open at the back as need be, let them come down to Bastings, and inquire for Martha Bee-flat. Not that I need say anything in praise either of myself or Bastings, for I am scarcely ever empty.

THE LAST OF THE LAST LEWISES.

WE are told when the unhappy "desired" king was sent away bloodily from the world, that Monseigneur the Count of Provence—plain "Sir" he was usually called—the king's brother, immediately issued his proclamation from an obscure corner of Westphalia. A magniloquent document, characteristic to the last degree, and truly Bourbon, which set out with a flourish of this sort: "Louis Stanislas Xavier of France, Son of France, Regent of the Kingdom, to all whom these presents shall come, greeting!" with copious fanfaronade as to the duties laid on him "by the immutable laws of the French monarchy." It proceeds to lay down a sort of programme that reads very comically and Bourbonish, distinguished with a primo and secundo, and a tertio; so as to keep all distinct and accurate. "We" constitute ourselves regent of the kingdom—at least over all "whom it may concern;" and have in view, primo, the rescue of the young king, and, secundo, the punishment of the "ferocious usurper;" and, tertio, the delegation of powers to "our dearly beloved brother, Charles Philippe de France, whom we have nominated and appointed Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom." This precious document collapses suddenly at the end, in unbecoming bathos. For it is "given under our ordinary sign manual, and seal, which we shall use in all acts of sovereignty until the seals of the kingdom, destroyed by faction, have been renewed." A watch seal, it is to be feared, was the prosaic substitute, and we can look into the little chamber and see the pantomimists at their work—the watch seal being solemnly affixed by "the Regent" in presence of "the Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom," and of the "Ministers of State."

We dare not laugh at these comic doings, for it remains a fact that this miserable gasconade actually hurried on the death of the wretched

boy, who was still a hostage in the hands of his jailors. It was a dear sacrifice to make for that selfish putting on of a theatrical crown and tinsel green-room finery. This would have been criminal in common organisations; but for that dull cerebral sap which fills Bourbon crania we must have indulgence. This, however, remains certain—their mummery was the death of little Capet.

Learn nothing, forget nothing, should have been the motto on that watch seal. Wise, witty ex-Bishop Talleyrand; *he* knew them well. They *will* learn nothing and forget nothing, until—Not so long back, the writer of this has been told by one who paid his respects to another of these theatricals, who calls himself Henry the Fifth, and who, we may take it, has a provisional watch seal also, that this sham monarch received a number of faithful gentlemen in his garden of a freezing morning, and actually kept them walking up and down with him listening to his royal observations with their hats off.

Do what we will, it is impossible not to think of him as a sort of transpontine Lewis—a sort of Bourbon minor actor—playing upon Royal Victoria boards of his own. He is for ever "striking" an attitude of the muscular and melodramatic flavour, and, having made his point, stands in his curls and fillet and royal pink fleshings, waiting the expected burst of applause. Perhaps, could we have stood near enough to listen, the royal accents would have fallen into the traditional husky cadences, condoling with the Duchess d'Angoulême as his "chee-ild," and denouncing, in language of severe reprehension, all persons who were disinclined to fly to the aid of females in distress.

Thus, when he is peeping out very cautiously from afar off, as it were over the blinds, from a mean little chamber in Verona, where he had been given shelter, waiting—a sort of Bourbon Micawber—for something to turn up—that something being a crown—news arrives post of poor little Capet's being worried out of the world. And straight some noble pauper gentlemen, also on their keeping from the Jacobin bailiffs, repair to the little chamber, and raise a feeble cry of "Ave Cæsar!" "Long live Louis the Eighteenth!" You see, by the canons of legitimacy and divine right, if there had been fatal omission of this great form, the mischief would have been prodigious; and Cæsar, stepping forward, proceeds to "strike" a favourite Victoria attitude, and acknowledges the compliment gracefully. As a matter of course, there was some fine writing on the occasion, and a few cabinet ministers of the older and more respectable courts were bored by the receipt of some solemn long-winded proclamations, announcing the accession to the throne of the new king, in a little salon in Verona.

By-and-by, as a certain fighting captain, whom he afterwards thought it a fine pride to call "M. Bonaparte," was spreading his terrors over a yet larger area, the Doge, who allowed him shelter in his alsatia, began to grow a little uneasy, and with a gross indifference to divine right, hinted

to the newly-made king that he had best withdraw. So splendid an opportunity was not to be thrown away, and taking care that he had a clear space round him, again he "struck" an attitude.

"I am r-r-ready to depart," he said to the astonished officer; "but, before I go, e-rase from the Gee-olde Book the six names of my family, and give me back the see-word which my ancestor Henry the Fourth gave the republic!" two unmeaning and melodramatic requests which, it is scarcely necessary to add, were not complied with. It would be unreasonable and unjust to the six ancestors to expunge them from that distinguished volume; and to the sword of the great Henry, which would no doubt fetch its price as a valuable relic, he could have no shadow of a title.

No man ever had such opportunities for these attitudes. There seemed to be a sort of Providence in it, which furnished him with decent opportunity. Even on crossing the St. Gothard—when a bullet grazed him—he was not taken by surprise; and in that lonely pass, and with no greater audience than a simple guide, he contrived to "strike" his attitude once more, and delivered this sentiment: "If the ball had passed a single hair's breadth lower, the present Keying of France would be called Charles the Tenth!" O note the atmosphere of foolery these poor souls lived in!

We might call him the Elliston of the Bourbons—Charles Lamb's Elliston. The marriage of the Duc d'Angoulême furnished a fine opportunity for a neat tag. A dismal sort of solemnity it must have been; but when the curtain was about to come down, the "heavy father" was observed to come forward to the foot-lights, and made the newly-married pair this pathetic speech: "If the kee-rown of France was all roses, I would give it to ye cheerfully; but as it is all thorns, I keep it for myself!" A richly comic scene, which must have amused such English spectators as were present, and suggests Mr. Elliston in the mock procession and mock coronation robes, lifting up his hands and giving the pit his benediction: "Bless ye, my people!"

Everybody seemed bent on giving him an opening for "a point." Even that far-seeing "M. Bonaparte" forgot these dramatic propensities of his, and was so injudicious as to convey to him a proposal to dispose of his royal rights in petto. There was an opportunity not likely to recur again; so he gets out his old royal furniture and decorations, fits on his gold paper crown, and begins his stamping and striding: not alone for M. Bonaparte, but for the sovereigns generally, who will receive their letters by the next post, and draw weary sighs over the closely-written Bourbon writing. It was a mistake, a sad blunder of M. Bonaparte's. He should have been wiser; and, curious to say, the acting on this occasion was decent and classical, and not nearly so exaggerated as usual; for he declined the offer with a certain dignity, and said that he was conscious how much "M. Bonaparte" had done for the good and glory of France. But at the same time—here the minor actor, too long restrained, broke out—he was

THE SON OF SAINT LOUIS! and he might be allowed, with a certain appropriateness, to give them the well-known sentiment, *Tout est perdu pour l'honneur!* It was considered among the Bourbon followers, that this neat "tag" utterly extinguished the "Corsican upstart." No doubt, he never raised his head afterwards, and the train of subsequent reverses might reasonably be attributed to that fatal thunderbolt.

On a later occasion he played with a suitable dignity, but still when it was so easy to play with dignity that he deserves no uncommon credit. On the news of that wholesale freezing out at Moscow being brought in, and every true British heart being frantic with joy at "the low Corsican upstart" being thus exterminated wholesale by the mere force of the elements, the lord mayor and corporation of the city of London determined to celebrate the event with more than usual festivity; and, with the questionable taste which seasons the proceedings of that body, sent an invitation to M. Louis Capet at Hartwell, praying him to come and drink pottle-deep to the confusion of those who had been frozen, en masse, like frogs in a pond. M. Louis Capet the Eighteenth sent back a firm but respectful reply, declining such indecent rioting over the confusion of his countrymen, not his enemies. And yet, by-and-by, in compensation as it were, must burst forth the old element, spoiling all; for we find him with that eternal pen of his in hand, writing to the Emperor of all the Russias, and entreating, with an infinite burlesque, grace, and consideration, for the French prisoners "my children" (*mes enfans!*). How the autocrat must have smiled over the comic notion.

Though our popular idea of him is that fat, rolling, good natured, mulish, dull, wrong-necked order, which is the hereditary Bourbon type, there were points of exception in him, not quite so harmless. From being a looker-on all his life, a loungee at the windows with his arms on the balustrade of the balcony looking down in security at what was going on below, he had become a cautious knowing Bourbon, almost crafty. We have our suspicions of him from the very beginning, from those days when—having a forecasting of the revolutionary business—he kept himself in a sort of neutrality. We hear of him shut up carefully in his little apartments whence he scribbled his epigrams, or what he called his epigrams, for they are mostly of a very poor quality. He was lying in wait, as it were, fearful of committing himself, and we may suspect, was playing a little *Egalité* game of his own. As he looked on, he had little quiet pastimes of his own. He sent out satirical pamphlets, which are not at all satirical. He wrote an opera called the *Caravan*. There were numerous institutions which bore his name, "*Mon-sieur*." There was, "*Sir's*" theatre: "*Sir's*" journal; and "*Sir's*" printing press, where no doubt were printed his own lucubrations. On this very desk lies a copy of Florian's *Estelle*, that elegant screed of namby-pamby, which has

been printed at "Sir's" press: and the typography is, in the language of the curious, exquisite. The lighter strokes of the letters are fine as hairs, and the whole effect is clear, clean, sharp, and brilliant. On both sides of the binding, flames out the fleur-de-lis. On the title-page, dated seventeen hundred and eighty-eight, we read M. Florian's military apotheosis, "Captain of Dragoons in his Highness's, my Lord the Duke of Penthièvre's Regiment, Gentleman of his Highness, Fellow of the Academies of Madrid, Lyons," &c. High by, on the same shelf, lies a Royal Army List, which, though dated 'eighty-nine, must have been for the preceding year; and here we cannot find M. Florian's name among the lower grades of the Penthièvre Dragoons. The conclusion is, that M. Florian must have been plunged abruptly into his rank of captainship, without probation in the lower degrees: a precious, because unconscious, bit of testimony to the rotten organisation of all things in this fatal year of break up. It is hard not to suspect our illustrious subject of playing a little mild Egalité game, coquetting as he was with the "strong spirits," and writing cold letters of advice to the unlucky king. He was known to have prophesied some sort of moral earthquakes. There was that scene of his going to register the edict, after what was comically termed a Bed of Justice, and when his coach got surrounded with an excited mob, who were hampering the horses and blocking up the street. My Lord "Sir" is presently seen, thrusting itself well and conspicuously out of the coach window to address the coachman. All the mob round hear him say in a loud ringing voice, "TAKE CARE TO HURT NO ONE!" Shout, as of course from mob, for tender-hearted prince, who is escorted home in tempest of vivas! This may be a hard construing of a simple well-meant action; but yet the exhibition of that prominent royal torso at the window, suggests irresistibly a bit of the old theatrical manner. The temptation of "striking an attitude" before such an audience, even on the disadvantageous boards of four wheels, was not to be resisted.

"Never, never shall I desert the king!" did he assure the great breechless, who were unquiet and afraid he was about stealing off like the other emigrants. Not a month after, when the unwieldy berline was rumbling along the paved road to Varennes, my Lord the "Sir" was skulking along in disguise, presenting at the various posts an old frayed well-worn English passport, filled in with the name of "Michael Forster," which he had picked up somehow. It fared better with the sham Michael Forster than with the courier of the sham Baroness Korff. Who was the real Michael Forster? The sham Forster was certainly true to the letter of his promise to the mob; he did *not* desert the king, for he fled with him.

For a man with so dramatic a turn of mind, the incidents of that splendid restoration to Paris in eighteen hundred and fourteen, must have been singularly gratifying. Never were

such gorgeous scenery appointments and decorations. All the costumes, too, of the genuine sort, and worn by real supernumeraries belonging to the country they purposed to represent. "The army" of William Tell was but a poor thing to this exhibition. All eye-witnesses who had rushed over in flocks, were dazzled and bewildered. Emperors, kings, and princes, were to be seen in thick groups. They were cheap in those days. Everybody has read and heard of, and perhaps seen too, that gorgeous kaleidoscope, which kept turning and turning for many days, showing Russians, Poles, Cossacks of the Don, Tartars, Germans, English, Belgians, all blended in a dazzling mass of colour. What a theatre, too, for such a spectacle—10 other than that gay city of Paris! The Russians picketed in the Elysium fields—the Cossacks, with their long spears, cantering through the Place Vendôme—the rude Blucher, eager for general sack and blowing up of bridges—these things are all familiar to us. There are large coloured prints to be seen, crowded with figures, representing "The Entry of the Allied Sovereigns into Paris!" when every Legitimist heart was made glad. With all these accessories, we may be sure the huge centre figure—now, alack, a very obese Bourbon, and an abdominal personification of Divine right—was not slack in availing himself of the opportunity, and struck "attitudes" for the "Allied Sovereigns" all day long.

There is one thing we can never forgive that bevy of sovereigns—that ruthless stripping of the city of all those cosmopolitan treasures of art which had been stripped from other cities. What a Vatican had Paris the Beautiful been now, with all that plunder! And yet had the "Corsican upstart" but conducted himself decently at Elba, it was signed, sealed, and agreed that the French were to keep all these famous spoils. We who go down to the sea in ships, in the mail-boats of the South Eastern, need have journeyed on no farther. Everything would have been focused satisfactorily; and though the arrangement was a little lawless in its origin, we would all be spared much travelling. The laquais de place of Rome, and Venice, and Florence, would be sadly out of work and would retire from business. At book auctions is now and then offered a superb work known as the *Musée Français*: a series of costly plates, exhibiting as French property the "Transfiguration" stolen from the Vatican, and other matchless treasures.

I think it is pardonable in Frenchmen never to forget the bitter personal mortifications to which that return of the Bourbons exposed them. It almost amounts to an individual degradation. Some one has described his walking abroad in the morning across the gay Place du Carrousel, and seeing men with windlasses and tackle busy slinging the glorious Venetian horses, their gilding resplendent in the sun, down upon wagons, to be packed in great cases, and marked we may suppose, "VENICE—Returned Goods." What rage in the roused bystanders as they

witnessed this direct affront! Of another morning, an English lady—so she has told the writer of these short notes—enters the grand galleries of the Louvre, full of the gaiety of those gay times, to see the wonderful treasures; by-and-by, as she is sitting, resting after her fatigues of peripatetic picture-gazing, she hears a heavy tramp afar off, and gradually drawing nearer. Then, enters a dark mass of soldiery, marching four deep, which spreads itself out in a long line, long as the gallery itself—the English Rifle Brigade, with the familiar bugle-horn on their caps. “Halt!” (in the English tongue), and the muskets presently fall on the smooth oaken parquet. Enter then, men with ladders and hammers; and the business of taking down the “Transfiguration” and the other noble pictures sets in. Not without silent protest in the shape of most mournful scowls and clenching of teeth, floods of hatred and disgust, at the stolid Saxon invaders.

In the life of that “Corsican upstart,” as it was part of the true British political religion to call him, were many dazzling days and nights, which, in his last dismal prison, it must have been some consolation for him to dwell on. But there was none coloured with a more delicious fascination than that night of *his* restoration, when, very late, he stood at the foot of the Tuileries staircase, and, in a blaze of light, old familiar faces poured down to meet him; and there were tears and smiles, and intoxicating joy. No wonder that he held that, to be the happiest day of his life. In the midst of the scene, some bright lady found her foot strike against something rough upon the carpet, and looking curiously, discovered it to be a yellow fleur-de-lis sewn on over the golden Napoleonic bee. A true sham, fatally typical of the Bourbon hold on the sympathies of the country; and the noble ladies present, with much mirth and laughter, fetch scissors and rip out every one of those flimsy ornaments.

The turbulent spirit of Haydon, weary of bearding Academicians, found its way across to this strange scene. No one has given so vigorous a picture. He went up, and saw Divine Right going by to chapel, with the newly-converted Marshals Augereau and Marmont holding up his coat-tails. “As they lifted up his coat,” says this fine noble nature—always in protest against baseness of any sort—“I felt scorn to see human being so degraded.” He went to the theatre where they were giving Hamlet, and at particular passages saw the whole pit start to their feet, and shriek furiously, “Bravo! bravo! Down with the English! Down with the English!” Mr. Raikes, the well-known man about town, was there at about the same time, and at the theatre at Compiègne, where they were playing *Vive Henri Quatre*, and other popular tunes.

The world is very familiar with the heavy vengeance taken by the followers of this most

Christian king on their enemies, the legalised shooting down of brave soldiers, and the organised destruction of hunted outcasts by Royalists. We walk down the Luxembourg gardens among the nurserymaids, and are shown where the bravest of the brave was “fusillé.” There are ugly associations with restored Bourbons. O blind, infatuated race!

There is nothing in the world so dreary as the fasti of this reign. It may all be read in M. Guizot’s stony and coldly classical memoirs. Who cares for that aping of the English government—that sham ministry and sham opposition, with the doctrinaires and the rest of the jargon? In the midst of all we still have the fat figure, with the coat-tails held up, gorging itself on rich dishes, and staying its stomach between the courses with “picking little pork chops,” dressed in a peculiar way! Truly said the rather gay lady to whom he wrote, chiding her for being more gay than she should be, to this effect, that the wife of Cæsar should be above suspicion: “I am not your wife; neither have you the slightest resemblance to Cæsar.” Very false was the Talleyrand bon mot, coined to order for the Count of Artois: “There is nothing changed in France; there is only one Frenchman more”—paraphrased bitterly by the wags of the day, when all the world was going to see that distinguished stranger the giraffe, newly arrived at his lodgings in the Zoological Gardens: “There is nothing changed in France; there is only one beast more.” So he goes on to the end, picking his pork chops daintily in his fingers between the courses, and with the renegades holding up his coat-tails. From the fat mouth proceed at times feeble puns, and when the last hour of the Last Lewis has arrived he passes away with a calembour.

After all, it is not so much a man or a race, this odious Bourbonism, as a kind of false spirit or faith. There are hints of it in other countries. Wherever there is an old-fashioned immovable mulishness, that is cruel and pitiless, that will listen to no advice, that sticks by old shams and effete forms, there is Bourbonism more or less. The grand feature of all is, that whatever be the cruel teaching, they LEARN NOTHING. That biting Talleyrand wrote their epitaph: THEY HAVE LEARNT NOTHING—FORGOTTEN NOTHING. This is the moral to be drawn from the story of THE LAST LEWISES.

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